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An Entire SET OF The MONITORS.

Intended for the Promoting of RELIGION and VIRTUE, and Suppreſſing of Vice and Immorality.

CONTAINING

Forty One POEMS On Several Subjects,

In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

Perform'd by Mr. TATE, Poet Laureat to Her MAJESTY, Mr. SMITH, and Others.

This UNDERTAKING was Encourag'd by the *Subſcription* of the following Gentlemen of the CLERGY (beſides *That* of Many of the NOBILITY, and great Numbers of the GENTRY) His Grace my Lord Arch-Biſhop of *York*, my Lord Biſhop of *Lincoln*, my Lord Biſhop of St. *Davids*, my Lord Biſhop of *Glouceſter*, Dr. *Moſs*, Dean of *Ely*, Dr. *Brailsford* Dean of *Wells*, Dr. *Williams*, Dr. *Bedford*, Dr. *Brown*, Dr. *Fog*, Dr. *Pelling*, Dr. *Bray*, Dr. *Hoadley*, Dr. *Blake*, Dr. *Hunt*, Dr. *King*, Dr. *Waugh*, Dr. *Wells*, Dr. *Only*, Dr. *Heath*, with about Fifty more of that Reverend Order.

N. B. When the *Authors* had publiſh'd theſe Twenty One Papers, they were oblig'd (by being engag'd in other Affairs) to decline further proceeding in this Undertaking.

London
1713

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VOL. I. Numb. 1.

The MONITOR.

Intended for the Promoting of RELIGION and VIRTUE, and Suppreſſing of Vice and Immorality.

In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

Monday, March 2. 1712-13.

An ESSAY in Praiſe of DIVINE POESIE.

CEleſtial Dame, Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
The Muſe who thy bright *Hiſtory* would Trace,
And ſing thy glorious *Origin*, muſt Climb
To Nature's *Infancy*, and *Birth* of Time;
Tell how the Morning-Stars Together ſung,
And Heav'n's New Palace with thy Anthems rung:
Then, having taught the Seraphs how to raiſe
Their Voices in the great CREATOR's Praiſe,
How gen'rouſly, poor Mortals to befriend,
From Heaven's high Court Thou didſt to Earth deſcend,
To cheer the Wretches, and relieve their Cares
(After loſt *Eden*) with *Cœleſtial* Airs:
Tell how the Leader of the Choſen Tribes
By Thee Inſpir'd, proud *Pharoah*'s Fate deſcribes!
With what delightful Horror brings to Sight
The high-heap'd Waters *Fall*, and maz'd Egyptians *Fright*.
And oh! when ſummon'd to reſign his Breath
On *Nebo*'s Mount, how careful at his Death
To leave the Honour done Thee on Record,
When the World's *Author*, and Almighty Lord
(Foreſeeing *Iſrael* would his *Laws* forſake)
Diſdain'd not a MEMORIAL-SONG to make.
How *DEBORAH* (the *ANNA* of that Age)
To ſave her People from Oppreſſive Rage
Engag'd in WAR, altho' of Temper Calm,
And pleas'd with her Own Grove of *Peaceful* Palm:
Then how Thou mad'ſt Her to thy Chariot climb,
And in a SONG of Rapture more Sublime,
Triumph o'er *Siſera* a Second Time.

Whilſt the young *Pſalmiſt* ſtruck thy ſacred Lyre,
So much of Heaven was heard——
As made the *Melancholy* Fiend Retire.

O QUEEN of POESIE, no Mortal Verſe
Can half thy gen'rous Offices rehearſe;
So far the gracious Provinces extend
That we but wrong the Worth we would commend.

Thou tak'ſt the tender Virgin to thy Care,
Whilſt Young, and, like the Bloom of *Eden*, Fair;
Before the ſubtile Serpent can ſurprize
Her *Innocence* with *Flatt'ry*'s fatal Lies.
With Hymns of Heav'nly Love Thou charm'ſt her Ear,
E'er She the Syren's tempting Song can hear;
And having gain'd the Conqueſt of her Heart,
Secur'ſt that precious Prize from *Cupid*'s poiſon'd Dart.

Thy Diſcipline directs the *Wandring* Fire
Of YOUTHS, and mak'ſt it to Fame's Orb aſpire;
Thou charm'ſt the Liſtners to thy ſacred Strains
From Pleaſure's flowry, but pernicious Plains;
Where Prodigals conſume their ſpritelieſt Hours
In Fairy Banquets, and Enchanted Bow'rs;
Whoſe ſuddain Gourd as quickly will be pin'd,
And only leave the gnawing *Worm* behind.
Thy Pupils climb the Steeps, that once obtain'd,
A Paradiſe of laſting Bliſs is gain'd:
And, till their Toil the glorious Heights can ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt 'em Up, and mak'ſt the Labour pleaſe.

To Thee the ſplendid Temple ope's her Gate,
And ſuch a Royal Gueſt receives *in State*;

Yet

Yet ſcorn'ſt Thou not in *Cottages* to dwell,
Or viſit *Hermits* in their loneſom Cell;
And whilſt their Bodies pine with Meagre Faſt,
Thou feed'ſt their Souls with thy *Divine* Repaſt

In vain the troubled Soul that Guilt Alarms,
For Succour flies to Mirth's deceitful Charms;
No Remedy beſides thy *bitter Balm*,
The Salvo of a *Pœnitential* Pſalm;
And when Contrition has perform'd her Part,
Thy joyful Hymns revive the Mourner's Heart.
Soon as a Show'r of Tears griev'd Conſcience Weeps,
Her clouded Sky clears up, and troubled Ocean Sleeps.

Thy Muſick made the furious Furnace Tame;
And tortur'd Martyrs ſing amidſt the Flame:
Thy charming Voice makes *Cold* Devotion Spring,
And, when She *Tires*, thou tak'ſt Her on thy Wing;
But when Her zealous Ardour would Aſpire
To bear a Part with the Cæleſtial Quire,
To Chant, in Conſort with the Saints *Above*,
The glorious Triumphs of *Redeeming* Love;
Thou mak'ſt Her ſing ſo loud the SAVIOUR's Praiſe,
As brings *Heav'n* down to Her, or Her to *Heav'n* can raiſe.

Such Wonders Thou in *Antient* Days haſt done,
Such Conqueſts and Immortal Lawrels won,
When pious Poets, fir'd with Sacred Rage,
In *Thine* and VIRTUE's Service did Engage.

And haſt thou quite our vicious Age forſook?
O turn and caſt a kind reproving Look,
Such as his Maſter on fall'n PETER threw,
Before the MONITOR of Morning Crew;
That forc'd him from the Palace to withdraw,
And melt into a Penitential Thaw.
O powerful Glance that cou'd ſuch Lightning Dart!
And ſhoot Remorſe into his frozen Heart;
When Fear's cold Damp had made his Blood Congeal,
And Death's ſharp Dread check'd his Impetuous Zeal.
So Streams, tho' Manicled in Froſt and Snow,
When the Sun ſhines, and Southern Breezes blow,
Shake off their Icy Chains, and in a Torrent flow.

Yet let not ſacred POESIE deſpair,
And think that all Her Sons Apoſtates are;
Nor yield (becauſe the En'mies Camp can boaſt
Of num'rous *Renegades*) Her Cauſe for loſt;
That none *Survive*, in this degen'rate Age,
Becauſe ſo Few in *Open* Field Engage.

The Penſive TISHBITE thought his Land bereft
Of Prophets, when he ſaw no Prophets left;
Till to his ſighing Soul the Voice reveal'd
That Numbers ſtill ſurviv'd, altho' in Caves conceal'd.
So BRITAIN ſtill a num'rous Race may ſee
Of Bards, that ne'er to *Baal* have bow'd the Knee;
Who, (tho' a while by *Modeſt* Fear controul'd,)
May grow like her renown'd * ELIJAH, Bold,
O QUEEN of Sacred VERSE, your Empire to uphold.

---

* Sir *R. B.*

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VOL. I. Numb. 2.

The MONITOR.

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In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

From Monday, March 2. to Wednesday, March 4. 1712-13.

An EXHORTATION to the YOUTHS of *Great-Britain.*

AUſpicious YOUTHS, ſince partly for your ſake
This MONITORIAN Charge we undertake.
(Tho' knowing what Sagacious * *Horace* ſaid,
That Youths by *Monitors* are ill obey'd)
Yet better Thoughts of you we entertain;
Our offered Service will not be in vain.
Think not our Muſe to lofty Strains ſhall riſe,
Where Her Ambition's only to Adviſe.
And if the Precepts we preſcribe are Juſt,
Tho' plain the Stile, we ſhall diſcharge our Truſt.
But that our Council may the more prevail,
We'll Treat you with a ſhort Inſtructive † Tale.
Which practis'd, all your Labours will requite,
With a Rich Laſting Harveſt of Delight.

When *Hercules* with early Thoughts of Fame,
And how his Scene of future Life to Frame,
How beſt his Chace of Honour to maintain,
Who in his Cradle had the Serpents ſlain.
Into a ſolitary Grove retir'd,
(Like that where *Roman* NUMA was inſpir'd)
Two Matrons met him, but of different Dreſs,
That did their different Characters expreſs,
(For vaſtly diff'rent muſt thoſe Figures be,
Whoſe Names were IDLENESS and INDUSTRY.)
Ambitious Both, the *Noble Youth* to Woo,
Though One to *Bleſs*, the Other to *Undo.*
The firſt, and moſt Experienc'd to beguile,
Attack'd him with a ſoothing Air and Smile;
She talk'd of Bowers and Banquets, Mirth, and Eaſe,
All Pleaſures that can Youthful Fancy Seize;
The Modeſt Matron, with a Solemn Mien,
And Aſpect well-becoming Vertue's Queen,
Admoniſh'd him of his Illuſtrious Birth,
His Anceſtry, and his expected Worth;
That, as he was above the Vulgar born,
Deſcended *Dignity* he ſhould adorn;
That Providence the Price of Fame has fix'd,
And Mortal's Honour muſt with Toil be mix'd:
Who hopes to *wear* that Prize, That Prize muſt win
With painful Labour, and betimes begin.
Thus did that *Oracle* of Senſe Adviſe,
Whom *Delphos*'s Oracle pronounc'd *The Wiſe*;
And to his *Monument*, in Learning's Praiſe,
In Thine, O VIRTUE, this ſmall *Shrine* we raiſe,
That Youths, whom gen'rous Ardour does enflame,
Would fly their *Paſſion* at the nobleſt *Game*;
* Let the beſt Courſe of Life your Choice invite,
For Cuſtom ſoon will turn it to Delight.
Shun *Senſual* Joys, and with a Flame refin'd,
Court the Diviner Pleaſures of the *Mind.*
Preſent and future Bleſſings to poſſeſs,
To Sacred VIRTUE make your firſt Addreſs;
O therefore Live of Virtue's Service proud,
The Brighteſt *Beauty*, and the Beſt endow'd.
She'll guard your *Youth* from *Paſſion*'s baneful Rage;
With *Peaceful* Thoughts divert the Pains of *Age.*
But then in largeſt Streams her Bleſſings flow,
When † Love, grown Bankrupt, can no more beſtow.
When rig'rous Death ſhall check your circling Blood,
And Life expires within the frozen Flood,

* *Monitoribus aſper.* Hor. de Art. Poet.
† This Story is at large Related by *Socrates*, in his Scholar *Zenophon.*
* *Optimum Vitæ Genus Eligito, nam Conſuetudo faciet jucun Diſſimum*; quoted by Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, in his Sermon on the Advantages of an early Piety, and upon Education, which in *Horace*'s own Words we recommend to Youth, *Nocturna verſate Manu, verſate Diurna.*

Your

Your Mourning Nymph at large may ſigh her Grief,
Yet to your Penſive Heart give no Relief.
But Pious Souls by Death are Gainers made,
By Virtue to Eternal Bliſs convey'd;
There Mirth, and Peace, and ſofteſt Tranſports reign,
Delights refin'd from all Allays of Pain.

But if to Verſe their Genius ſhall incline;
Let 'em chooſe *Moral* Subjects and *Divine*;
At Sacred Subjects if they fly their Fire,
Then * Sacred Subjects will their Songs inſpire.
Thus early Larks their Mattins Chant on High,
And *ſweeteſt* ſing, when *neareſt* to the Sky.

The EXPEDIENT.

The Youth that's touch'd with noble Fire,
And would to Learning's Heights Aſpire.
Who would that glorious Prize attain,
But knows not how that Prize to gain,
This ſhort Preſcription we Direct,
That cannot fail of good Effect.
He that in Learning would improve,
Muſt firſt with Learning fall in Love;
For true Love, for true Pains will call,
And that's the Charm that carries All.

---

* Witneſs our Mr. *Waller*, who in his Canto's on Divine Poeſie, has as far excell'd his other Verſes, as thoſe excel Common Performances.

† So our Admiral *Spencer*, after his celebrated Hymns on Love and Beauty in the common Acceptation, wrote his Admirable Hymns of Heavenly Love and Beauty, with this Pathetic Acknowledgment in his Introduction.

Many lewd Lays, ah! Woe is me the more,
In Praiſe of the mad Fit that Fools call LOVE;
Have I, in Heat of *Youth*, writ heretofore,
That in light Wits did looſe Affection move;
But now have turn'd the Tenor of my String,
The *Heavenly* Praiſes of *True* Love to Sing.

And you that won't with greedy vain Deſire,
To read my Fault; and wondring at my Flame;
To warm your ſelves at my broad blazing Fire;
Since now that Heat is quench'd, oh! quench my Blame,
And in its Aſhes ſhroud my dying *Shame*;
For He that my paſt Follies now purſues,
Begins his *Own*, and my paſt Fault renews.

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In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

From Wednesday, March 4. to Friday, March 6. 1712-13.

The UPRIGHT MAN.

SHOU'D Loudeſt Tempeſts, and Tremendous Storms
Aſſault Mankind, in all their Horrid Forms;
The Bellowing Thunder Roll, and Lightning Fly
With pointed Fury through the Blazing Sky;
Shou'd Seas be toſt aloft, and as they ſwell,
Open a Cavern to the Gates of Hell,
And then in mighty Torrents downwards go,
Threat'ning to drown the Frighted World below:
Shou'd Subterranean Winds ſuch Earthquakes make,
As might this Lower World's Foundation ſhake,
Rending it to the Center, and Diſplay
Its inmoſt Chambers to the Eye of Day;
Shou'd Bearded Meteors of Portentous Hue,
Ingender Plagues and all their Rancour ſhew;
The Sun's ſick Head with Sable Clouds be bound,
Th' extinguiſh'd Stars diſorder'd Spheres confound;
Shou'd diſcontented Ghoſts from Graves Ariſe,
And fill with Yells and Shrieks the ecchoing Skies.
And Nature in this Wild Confuſion Hurl'd,
Pronounce the Swift Deſtruction of the World;
The UPRIGHT MAN, unmov'd by theſe Alarms,
Wou'd firmly ſtand, nor fear Impending Harms.
Tho' Whirl'd by Storms the Racking Clouds are ſeen,
His unmoleſted Breaſt is all *Serene*;
The Craſhing Thunder hears without the Dread
Of any Bolt be'ng levell'd at *his* Head;
Flaſhes of Light'ning wou'd without Diſmay,
Like Lambent Flames, about his Temples play:
The Shreiks of Troubled Ghoſts, for paſt Offence,
Can ne'er moleſt his Conſcious Innocence;
Nor Nature, in Convulſions, ſhake his Frame,
Which in all Turns of Fate, is ſtill the Same;
And when the King of Terrors ſhakes his Dart,
Without Reluctancy He yields his Heart;
His Audit Caſt, receives the welcome Gueſt,
Smiles at the Blow, and gently Sinks to Reſt.

The REVERSE.

SEE where AURORA does with Bluſhes riſe,
And draws the Sable Curtains of the Skies;
Advancing (ſtill with Looks more Bright and Gay)
To Uſher in the Monarch of the Day:
Behold He comes, diſperſing Clouds and Night,
And darts to diſtant Poles his Rays of Light;
The Graſs, with glitt'ring Dew, reflects his Beams,
Each Field a Firmament of Spangles ſeems;
The ſubtle Perſpirations of the Bloom
The fluid Air with Fragrancy Perfume;
Chear'd by his Influence, with Warblings ſweet,
Their Mattins the wing'd Choriſters repeat;
The early Swain, (lull'd late to Downey-Reſt,
By Honeſt Labours and a Faithful Breaſt,)
Starts up refreſh'd, and having paid his Vows
To Heav'n, with Chearfulneſs his Toils renews;
All *Nature* ſmiles, all but the GUILTY WRETCH,
Theſe Balmly Pleaſures fly beyond his Reach;
Ev'n Sleep, ev'n Balſamick Sleep his Torment ſeems,
His Soul then Ruffel'd with diſtracted Dreams,

By

By Images of Guilt fix'd in his Brain,
Which their Aſcendant Day and Night maintain:
Altho' the Firmament be clear, a Cloud
Does all his Faculties with Darkneſs Shrowd;
Tho' all above in Peaceful Calms are dreſt,
Perpetual Storms are Riſing in his Breaſt.

In vain to *Luxury* he has recourſe,
The Fumes flow'n off, leave his Condition worſe:
Relief from *Muſick* vain, to Diſcord ſoon
It turns to him whoſe *Soul is out of Tune:*
Stung by Remorſe, his Forc'd and Feigned Mirth,
Gives but a Flaſh, and's ſtifled in the Birth.

No need of Ghoſts and Dæmons of the Night,
With horrid Scenes his Anxious Soul to Fright;
His Thoughts are gaſtly *Spectres*, which deny
All Reſt, while from *Himſelf* he tries to fly;
Nay, when He *Prays*, his Words may upwards go,
But Loads of Crimes preſs down his Heart below.

And when the King of Terrors ſhakes his Dart,
With ſtrong Reluctancy He yields his Heart;
His Mind in Violent Convulſions Toſt,
He gives a Dreadful Groan, *and is for ever Loſt.*

The INFERENCE.

WHO Themſelves with ſlaviſh Toil
Wou'd inceſſantly beguile,
With much Labour ſeek their Ruin,
Always Drudging for Undoing;
Vainly ſeeking for Relief
From the conſtant Cauſe of Grief:
Who but Fools wou'd take theſe Meaſures,
Thus miſtaking Pains for Pleaſures;
When they might with greater Eaſe,
Both their Minds and Bodies pleaſe,
Paſs their Days in true Delights,
And in Balmey-Reſt their Nights?
This the *Upright Man* Enjoys,
That the *Guilty Wretch* Annoys.

In the Second Quotation of the laſt Paper, for *Optimus*, r. *Optimum*; for *Fucun Diſſimum*, r. *Fucumdiſſimum*; in the laſt Reference, for *Admiral*, r. *Admirable.*

The Conditions to the Subſcribers are, viz. each to pay Twelve Pence a Month to have them brought home to their Houſes, Six-pence on the Receipt of the firſt Paper, and Six-pence more when the Twelfth Paper is deliver'd to them.

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From Friday March 6. to Monday, March 9. 1712-13.

The SWEARER.

OF all the Nauſeous complicated Crimes
That both Infect and Stigmatize the Times,
There's None that can with Impious Oaths compare,
Where Vice and Folly have an equal ſhare.
Pleaſure and Gain Temptation plead, and Pride
Sometimes to Virtue ſeems to be Ally'd,
And ſlender Bounds their Provinces divide;
But He that Practiſes this Odious Vice
Sells for an empty Sound his Paradiſe.
The Wretch who for his Broth ſo dearly paid,
A wiſer Bargain than this Swearer made.
If He believes a GOD, how void of Senſe
Are Pigmies to defy Omnipotence?
If not, Himſelf an Ideot He proclaims
Who Swears by Pow'rs that are but Airy Names.
The Truly Brave are always Calm in Words,
And let their Anger ſparkle in their Swords;
But, Bully-like, the Swearer hates to Draw
A Sword, and with meer Noiſe Mankind would Awe.
And when to force Belief of what they ſpeak,
They find a Volley of loud Oaths too weak;
They Curſe and Damn, yet nothing gain thereby
But further Confirmation that they Lye.
How Mean and Sordid muſt the Practiſe be,
In Perſons of but Gentleman's Degree
The Raſcal Rable's Cuſtoms to perſue,
To Ape their Vices, and their Baſeſt too!
Since ev'ry Groom can be their Rivals here,
And He the braveſt Man can lowdeſt Swear.
To rap out Nonſenſe who his Lungs would Strain,
Cry Damn his Blood, but He that has no Brain?
Can He to Wit or Breeding have Pretence,
Who talks beneath the Sphere of Common Senſe,
And thinks to Pleaſe by giving of Offence.
The Swearer therefore juſtly we conclude,
Is Lyar, Boaſter, Coward, Fool, and Rude.

Remember thy CREATOR in the Days of thy Youth.

NOW while thy Blooming Spring with Balmey Sweets
And fervent *Love*, its Love's *Firſt Object* meets;
While ſprightly Fancy, unallay'd by Cares,
Thy Innocence Adorns with Artleſs Airs;
Thy Humours gently Flowing and Serene,
Not Ruffell'd by Remorſe or conſcious Spleen;
While Youth and Vigour ſwell thy glowing Veins,
As yet Unſully'd by Habitual Stains;
E're Vice thy unexperienc'd Heart ſurprize,
Now offer it a *Spotleſs Sacrifice*
To *Him* who has beſt Title to the Prize.
Tho' this Oblation but thy Duty is,
If early paid, will bring Eternal Bliſs.
Lo! where thy Adverſary lurking lies,
T' allure thy Soul, or take it by Surprize,
When once He gains th' Avenues of thy Heart
Too ſure He'll hold for Mortal Force to part,

His

His fatal Bait He Gilds with gaudy Shew,
Tranſporting Pleaſure's Promiſes, and New;
Which once admitted Agonies of Pain
Will follow, and the Sting for Life remain.
Thy Youth, like ſoftned Wax, with Eaſe will take
Thoſe Images, that *firſt* Impreſſions make,
If thoſe are Fair, thy Life will All be Bright,
If Foul, they'll cloud it All with Shades of Night.
If firſt thy Veſſel is with Odours fill'd
Of Eſſences in Heav'ns Alembec Still'd;
The Perfume will with follow'ng Years *improve*,
Like Weſtern Breezes o'er the Myrtle Grove,
But if Foul Vice ſhall firſt the Veſſel ſtain,
What Coſt, what Pains to make it ſweet again!
While all thy Virtues bravely keep the Field,
Thy Armour *Truth*, and *Innocence* thy Shield,
The Angels too thy Guard, (whoſe Pow'r's too great,
For Hell's united Forces to defeat.)
In vain they ſhall Aſſault, 'till from Within
They are invited by ſome Treach'rous Sin;
If thus betray'd, no more thy Conduct boaſt,
Thy Self will by *Thy Self* alone be loſt;
Forſaken by thy Guards, an eaſy Prey
Thou'lt fall, and looſe the Glory of the Day.
'Tis true, the Gates of Mercy open Stand,
And Penitence Admiſſion may demand;
But if thy Vices thou ſo long retain,
'Till Habit ſhall a full Aſcendant gain;
How vaſt the Reſolution, Great the Task,
Thy Fav'rites to deny what e'er they ask,
After an Age of Dalliance with 'em ſpent,
Thou may'ſt, (alas!) *But barely may'ſt*, Repent.

In the laſt Paper the Second Column, laſt Line but one, leave out the firſt *Ev'n*. In the Errata, for *Fucumdiſſimum* r. *Fucundiſſimum*.

The Conditions to the Subſcribers are, viz. each to pay Twelve Pence a Month to have them brought home to their Houſes, Six-pence on the Receipt of the firſt Paper, and Six-pence more when the Twelfth Paper is deliver'd to them.

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VOL. I. Numb. 5.

The MONITOR.

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In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

From Monday March 9. to Wednesday, March 11. 1712-13.

On CONTENT.

CONTENT's a Treaſure ſought by all Mankind,
Which yet but few, ah! very few can find:
To Cells or Palaces we may repair,
Yet fail to find the *Cautius Charmer* there:
T' a *Cynic*'s Tub or *Epicurus*-Bower,
Yet never gather that ſweet ſmiling *Flower:*
In various Sciences improve our Skill,
Admir'd by all Men, yet be *Wretches* ſtill;
Arrive to ſudden Dignity and Wealth,
Poſſeſs'd of Wit and Beauty, Strength and Health,
May Golden-Mines and Ocean-Treaſures ſeize,
Yet *Poor* in what can give a Guſt of Eaſe;
(The beſt of which can but *Amuſement* bring,
And moſt, for ſhort-liv'd Bliſs, a laſting Sting)
May further Rove than ever Mortal went,
Yet never meet that *Stranger* call'd CONTENT.
Who of this *Jewel* Hopes to be poſſeſt,
Muſt Home again and ſeek it in his Breaſt:
'Tis there the *Dove-like Soul Repoſe* muſt find,
Without that *Ark* are only *Waves* and *Wind.*
Calm Conſcience only can that *Bleſſing* give,
Without whoſe Company 'tis Toil to Live:
Life's other Comforts are but fading Joys,
But this *Perpetual Banquet* never Cloys:
The more is *Drawn* the more this *Fountain* flows,
This *Heav'nly Manna* in the Gath'ring grows,
That Life Prolongs, and * *Double Life* beſtows.
Since Recollection can the *Scene* renew,
And bring the *Golden Hours* again in View.

Upon VIRTUE and VICE.

THOUGH *Vice* at preſent does Triumphant Ride,
And *Virtue* ſeems upon the Suff'ring Side,
Let *Vice*'s Minions not aſſume an Air
Of *Confidence*, nor *Virtue*'s Friends *diſpair*;
She's exil'd now, and 'tis not ſtrange to ſee
Mean Souls Deſert *afflicted Majeſty:*
But oh! 'tis hop'd, the Time is drawing on,
That ſhall reſtore this *Empreſs* to her Throne;
Who ſhall to Honour raiſe the *Loyal Few,*
While Shame and Vengeance cruſh the *Rebel Crew.*

ADVICE to a Diſponding FRIEND, in Reference to the preſent State of HUMANE LIFE.

REpine not, Penſive Friend, to meet
A Thorn and Sting in ev'ry *ſweet*;
Nor think it is your *ſingle* Fate,
But the fixt Lot of *Humane* State;
Since then this Portion is aſſign'd
By the *Great Patron* of Mankind,
We muſt conclude, 'tis for our *Good*,
And ſo 'twill once be underſtood:

* *Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir Bonus hoc eſt*
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui. Mart.

Heav'n

Heav'n does its tend'reſt Care Expreſs,
In Leading through a WILDERNESS,
Where *Bramble-Cares* the Pilgrim Teize,
And not through Flow'ry Plains of Eaſe;
Leaſt we ſhou'd *Here* take up our Stand,
And ſtop *ſhort* of the *Promis'd Land.*

Upon FAME and INFAMY.

RENOWN, with tedious Toyl obtain'd,
Is often loſt as ſoon as gain'd;
But *Infamy*, tho' quickly got,
Will during Life retain the Blot;
And after Death it leaves our Race,
Inheritors of the *Diſgrace.*

Upon POVERTY and INFAMY.

A VIRTUOUS *Daughter* thus conſol'd.
Her *Father*, who their *Wants condol'd*;
Tho' *Poor*, contented let us be,
Since we have liv'd from *Scandal* free,
Committed nothing to Diſgrace
The Honour of our Antient Race;
Let's reckon only thoſe *Diſtreſs'd*,
Who are with *Want* and *Guilt* Oppreſs'd;
Let us our *ſingle* Load ſuſtain,
And leave thoſe Wretches to complain,
Who're forc'd to drag a *Double* Chain.

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VOL. I. Numb. 6.

The MONITOR.

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In Pursuance of Her MAJESTY's *Most Gracious Directions.*

From Wednesday, March 11. to Friday March 13. 1712-13.

A VIEW of Humane Life.

IN various Courses busy Mortals move,
Regardless that th' *Event*'s Decreed *Above;*
Yet Ply so warmly what they take in Hand,
As if they could their Wish'd-Success *Command;*
As if with *Heav'n* they had a *Contract* made,
And a long Lease of Life to them convey'd;
Tho' Tenants but at *Will* t' *Almighty Pow'r*,
And hold by *Courtesy* their ev'ry Hour;

Their Hour! —Their Minute, ev'ry single Breath,
Is but a Merciful Reprieve from Death;
And if allow'd another Breath to draw
'Tis a meer Act of Grace———
Heav'n's Dispensation with its Injur'd Law,
And, if the *Mercy* is bestow'd in vain,
Will bring th' *Offender* to the *Bar* again.

'Tis therefore next enquir'd, if *well* we use,
Or this Remitted Forfeiture *Abuse*,
In all the various Paths of Life we chuse.
Our Methods differ, but Designs the same,
For *Satisfaction* is the Common Game;
Most seek Increase of Wealth, on fair Pretence
They Covet but a present Competence,
And for the Winter-Blasts of Air a Provident Defence:
Therefore, to frustrate Fortune's fickle Charms,
And Fortify against impending Harms,
Some quit their City-Life, and some their Farms.
One puts to Sea, and there, with eager Toil,
Chaces some Floating and Inchanted Isle,
Where Verdant Groves, adorn'd with Golden Fruit,
At once Invite and Couzen his Pursuit;
And from his Reach scuds off with equal Pace,
As th' Avaritious Wretch pursues his Chace;
Still flying off, yet keeping still in View,
His baffled weary'd Patience to renew;
'Till pity'ng Fate some *kind* Disaster sends,
And by a *Lucky* Wreck the Fruitless Labour ends.
In *Camps* and *Courts* the same Events befal
To Most Advent'rers There, if not to All;
For Both in Desp'rate Services engage,
To raise a Fortune for *Declining Age;*
And then to their Forsaken Home return,
Their Maim'd Estates and Broken Bones to Mourn.
On ev'ry Stage of Life, with wheedling Art,
And Flatt'ring Smiles, HOPE acts her *Jilting Part;*
And what's the Charm by whose inveigling Pow'r
Mankind are drawn into this *Circe*'s Bow'r?
'Tis but one Trick this *Sorceress* can boast,
Yet by that *single Trick* are Millions Lost;
The Grand Mistake of Thinking to Command,
As *Ours*, what's All in *Providence*'s Hand;
We reckon *Future Time* as our Estate,
A *Patrimony*, not the *Loan* of *Fate*,
And that we may, at Will, *Anticipate.*
Some to advance a *This-Days-Project* borrow
On the uncertain Credit of *To Morrow*,
Some run on score for Weeks, or Months, and some
Take up, on Trust, no less than Years to come:
Which Years, Months, Weeks, or single Day to see,
Beyond their Shorter Lease of Life may be.

Yet,

Yet, oh! what *Schemes*, on this uncertain Ground,
What vaſt Deſigns do theſe *Projectors* found?
Aſſur'd that All ſhall with *Succeſs* be Crown'd.
So *Babel's Builders*, with Ambition fir'd,
To mount their Fabrick to the Clouds aſpir'd;
Whilſt all they compaſs'd by that raſh Intent,
Was but to leave their *Folly's Monument*;
A moſt Prodigious, but unfiniſh'd Pile,
That only ſerves to make the Trav'ller Smile:
Nor can the ſore Experience of Defeat
Compel the Deſp'rate *Quixots* to Retreat;
For what They looſe the Firſt or Second Fray,
The next with Glorious Int'reſt ſhall repay;
And worſe to Finiſh what was Ill begun,
Muſt'ring their Might, another Risk to run,
Set All at Stake, looſe All, and are *Undon.*
Ev'n thoſe that ſee their Blooming Wiſhes paſt
The Winter's Cold, and Summer's ſcorching Blaſt,
In *Autumn*, yet their Ripen'd Fruit may ſee
With inbred Canker rotting on the Tree;
Or when they'ave gather'd their Delicious Store
Diſtempers and a Thouſand Miſchiefs more,
May Marr their Taſt, or if their Palate's right,
The Thief Sweeps all, and balks their Appetite.
So many Dangers and diſtracting Cares
On wretched Mortals wait and their Affairs;
So many open, and diſſembled Foes
In Ambuſh lay'd to ruin their Repoſe,
That if they 'ſcape the Rage of their Alarms,
Armies Start up of *Accidental* Harms;
That 'tis in vain to hope for *perfect* Eaſe
In Circumſtances ſo diſtreſs'd as Theſe;
The Beſt that by the *Wiſeſt* can be done,
Is only---not on *needleſs* Ills to run,
And * Calmly bear the Griefs we *cannot* ſhun.

---

* According to *Horace's Levius fit Patientia Quicquid Corrigere eſt Nefas*, and after Him a great Maſter of the Muſes,

In vain we toſs and turn our *feav'riſh* Will,
When all our Eaſe muſt come by Lying *Still.*

And to the ſame Strain *Spenſer (Qui nil Molitur Inepte)*

Life have I worn out Thrice Thirty Years,
Some in much Joy, and many in Tears,
Yet never complain'd of Cold or Heat,
Of Winter's Snow, or Summer's Sweat,
Nor did ever Fortune blame,
But *Gently* took All that *Ungently* came.

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In laſt Paper and laſt Copy of Verſes, for *confold* read *conſold.*

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In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

From Friday, March 13. to Monday, March 16. 1712-13.

The Diſconſolate Shepherd.

I.

IN Dead of Night, when *Happy Mortals* take
Their Calm Repoſe and Wretches wake,
Stretch'd on a loneſome Plain
A Melancholly Swain
In Thoughtful Silence lay,
'Till at the Break of Day
(For Sympathiſing Night
True Mourners Love, and hate the Light)
His ſwelling Grief ruſh'd forth in this Pathetic Strain.

II.

What tho' the Circling Sun
Has now his Race begun,
The Tempeſt Chac'd away,
All round me Blith and Gay,
What Comfort in his Luſtre can I find,
If yet no Chearful Glimps begin
a Glorious Morn within
To calm the Tempeſt of my *troubled* Mind.

III.

No Joy to me his Bleſſing brings,
To clear my Clouded Skies,
A Brighter Sun muſt riſe,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs, with Healing on his Wings;
'Till then the Tuneful Birds on ev'ry Tree
No Muſick make for me;
As ſoon cou'd I rejoice
At the Night-Raven's doleful Voice,
And be diverted with the Bell
That rings my Deareſt Friends untimely Knell.

IV.

Were in my Soul the Weather Fair,
No Stormy Terrors there,
The Storm without wou'd make me Sleep more Sound;
The Tempeſts in my Breaſt,
Are they that brake *my* Reſt,
And all my Peace confound;
My Suff'rings to Redreſs,
O Sun *of Righteouſneſs*,
Thy Gracious Beams Diſplay;
For tho' this Lower Sun,
Shou'd Brighter Shine than He has ever don,
Without a Beam of *Grace* from Thee,
I never, never more ſhall ſee
One Comfortable Day.

The

The CHARNEL-HOUSE.

THIS Treasury of *Death* Survey,
Where Poor and Rich their Tribute Pay,
And Both the same, for Both but *Clay*.
See what Acquaintance thou can'st spy
Among those Skulls; no more than I?
Thou Mighty Man of Science show
Thy dearest Friend, or deadly Foe.
What! Not one Symptom left to Trace
Their Soul's Contrivance in their Face?
Mankind by Thee, Alive, are read
And know'st Thou Nothing of the *Dead*?

Extreams are to be Avoided.

WHILE Calm the Seas appear,
And while the Skies are clear,
Learn, Gentle Youths, to Steer
And Even Course of Life,
'Twixt too much Ease and Strife:
Nor, *Scylla*'s Rocks to shun,
Upon *Charibdis* run,
Since either Way Undon.
Nor take Less Care to Flee
The *Singing Syren*'s Bay;
For *Scylla*'s Dogs, tho' Greedy of their Prey,
Have Less devour'd than *She*.

SINCE our Publishing the first *Proposals*, some Persons have been pleas'd to *Contribute* towards our Furnishing the *Charity-Schools* with these PAPERS; Accordingly we have pitch'd on Two *Charity-Schools*, which we shall furnish a whole Year therewith from the said *Contributions*; The Masters of which will oblige their Scholars to get the *Poems* by Heart, as part of their Exercise; for tho' we shall endeavour to render them all acceptable to Persons of Parts and Learning, yet (as the *Classic Authors* us'd in Schools) they may tend much to the Improvement of Youth, with this Advantage beyond most of those, in that they will Establish them in the Principles of *Religion* and *Virtue*, and Fortify them against the Attacks of *Vice*; And as nothing is so Delightful to Youth as *Poetry*, especially in their *Mother-Tongue*, so all *Images* convey'd thereby, are likely to make the most strong and durable Impression. Any Person on sending a Letter (as below directed) may be inform'd what *School* their Charity is bestow'd upon, or (upon Notice given) may have it bestow'd on which they please.

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From Monday, March 16. to Wedneſday, March 18. 1712-13.

JOSEPH's Diſcovery of Himſelf to his BRETHREN.

***Written in Latin by* H. Grotius, *imitated in Blank Verſe. The Speakers,* JOSEPH *and* JUDAH.**

Jo. UNBIND that Youth *, and you my Guards withdraw,
For I muſt talk in private with theſe Strangers.
Now, Sirs, is that Old Man you mention'd living?

Ju. We left him living when we came from Home.

Jo. And what's his Age? *Ju.* An Hundred Years and Three.

Jo. Is he in Health too at ſo great an Age?

Ju. Troubled with no Diſtemper, Sir, but Grief.

Jo. Perhaps becauſe this Lad was taken from him?

Ju. He grieves for him, and for another too.

Jo. Whom? tell me, for my Father's likewiſe aged.

Ju. Another Son, whoſe Loſs he much laments.

Jo. What Chance has rob'd the Father of his Son?

Ju. That's only known to Him that knows all Things.

Jo. 'Tis true, there's nothing 'ſcapes his Cognizance.

Ju. Moſt certain 'tis, no Mortal can inform us.

Jo. But Time brings many ſecret Things to light.

Ju. Ah! wou'd to *Heav'n* that happy Time were come.

Jo. You wiſh him then reſtor'd to his Old Father?

Ju. Cou'd my Death purchaſe that I'd die this Moment.

Jo. Was he ſo dearly by his Father lov'd?

Ju. Never was Parent fonder of a Child.

Jo. For his good Qualities, and Envying none?

Ju. And early Symptoms of a mighty Mind.

Jo. Now Strangers, tell me how you like our *Egypt*?

Ju. Equal to *Palæſtine*'s beſt Provinces.

Jo. And how the Method of our Government?

Ju. All, like your *Mighty Self*, moſt excellent.

Jo. And no Inducement for your Dwelling Here?

Ju. Many, and firſt the *Famine* in our Country.

Jo. Then wherefore in ſuch haſt to part from hence?

Ju. Our Aged Father's left Alone at Home.

Jo. Can't you perſwade the Old Man to come with you?

Ju. If 'tis his Will, our Duty's to Obey.

Jo. Love of this Son perhaps may bring him hither?

Ju. His Youngeſt, and a Fondling from the Cradle.

Jo. I pray what Name has he conferr'd on Him?

Ju. He order'd us to call him *Benjamin*.

Jo. That Name Implies the *Son of my Right Hand*.

Ju. How, Sir! d'you underſtand our *Hebrew* Tongue?

Jo. I do, for formerly I liv'd amongſt you.

Ju. May we enquire the Cauſe of your Removal?

Jo. Envy, vile Envy, that moſt ſavage Monſter.

Ju. That Monſter is no Stranger to our Soil.

Jo. Do you ſell *Free-born* Perſons there for *Slaves*?

Ju. 'Tis not the Cuſtom, and our Laws forbid it.

Jo. But many Things are done that Laws forbid.

Ju. Which *Righteous God* will puniſh, if Men ſpare.

Jo. Now tell me, what was your loſt Brother's Name?

* Meaning *Benjamin*.

Ju. Jo-

Ju. Joseph. Ah Grief that I survive to speak it!
Jo. Why so? What signifies that Name in *Hebrew*?
Ju. It signifies his *Family's Increase*.
Jo. 'Tis very oft that *Names* and *Things* Agree.
Ju. But here th' *Event* shows 'tis not *Always* so.
Jo. Despair not, for to GOD there's nothing Hard.
Ju. GOD grant, —— but I despair of seeing it.
Jo. You see it now, —— dear Brethren, look on Me,
For I am *Joseph*, tho' b'another Name
Call'd here in *Egypt*; your own Eyes behold
The Dignity to which our GOD has rais'd me:
Banish the Thought of *Dothan* from your Minds,
Your Threats of *Death*, the *Pit*, and *Arab*——
Merchants;
You now perceive my *Dreams* are come to pass,
Let This content You, and I'll ask no more.
Ju. O generous Governor (for Guilt and Shame
Cry 'twere Presumption if we call'd you Brother)
Once more before your Feet we prostrate fall,
Not to beseech that you would interpose
Your Self 'twixt Us and Famine, but betwixt
Your injur'd *Self* and *You*: to intercede
For Pardon to your wretched Malefactors;
This guilty We, and This our Aged Father
Broken with Miseries, implore ——
Jo. Rise Brethren, Rise, you come too late to ask
What is already granted; to Forgive
Is Little; with my *Pardon* take my *Love*.
Since my dear *Benjamin*'s Belov'd by You:
Through tiresome Labyrinths have I been led;
Let This not trouble You, the *Bless'd Event*
Has made Amends; and I must now thank You
Who have advanc'd me to such Dignity,
That only *Ægypt*'s Monarch is Superior.
The GOD, who looks through dark Futurity
And sets his Councils beyond Humane View,
Turn'd your Unkindness to our Preservation.
Five Years of *Famine* yet remain; go, tell
Our *Mourning Father* that his *Lost Son Lives*,
Nor only *Lives*, but in a *Princely Grandeur*:
Come All, and be Partakers of my Pow'r,
Goshen, that *Eden* of the *Pharian Empire*,
The Fair the Fertile *Goshen* is Allotted
For Him, for You, your Servants, Herds and
Flocks.

In last *Friday*'s Paper, Col. 1. l. 23, for *Air*, read *Age*.

Being desirous of giving Specimens of all the various Kinds of Poetry, we cou'd not omit that of Dialogue, which is so far from being Contemptible, that *Cicero* takes Notice, it has on some Occasions very peculiar Advantages, as the avoiding thereby many troublesome Repetitions: The Representing Persons as if present, with other Beauties which shall hereafter be specify'd, we presume that the Judicious will think *Blank Verse* most *Natural* on such Occasions.

WHEREAS we have from the Beginning (and which will be continued to them) supply'd Two Charity-Schools with our Papers and now a Third, from the Benevolence of well-dispos'd Gentlemen and Ladies, which the Masters will oblige their Scholars to get by Heart as part of their Exercise, to Establish them in the Principles of Religion and Virtue, and Fortify them against the Attacks of Vice; several Persons concern'd for other Charity-Schools, have now apply'd themselves to us for the like: Accordingly we mov'd it to some of our Subscribers, who readily contributed, and advis'd us to Advertise in our Papers this Day, that on *Saturday* next our Servants shall wait on all our Subscribers for what they may please to Contribute, no Contributer will be ask'd again the following Year, for we shall compute the Charity so, as to send the Papers the Year round to the Schools as far as the Contribution shall extend to; and in our following Papers shall give a just Account thereof: But we pretend not to enjoyn in the least any Person hereunto, but to leave it to their absolute Freedom. At the end of our first Volume we shall insert the Benefactors on this Account.

Every Quarter we shall give a just Account how the Charity is bestow'd, and insert the Benefactors.

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VOL. I. Numb. 9.

The MONITOR.

Intended for the Promoting of RELIGION and VIRTUE, and Suppreſſing of Vice and Immorality.

In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

From Wednesday, March 18. to Friday, March 20. 1712-13.

The GAMESTER.

'TIS Strange that They on whom kind Heav'ns beſtow
Such Wealth might make their Lives with Pleaſures flow;
Sublime the Joys of Youth, diſarm the Rage
Of Maladies that Preſs on Feeble Age;
Make ſuch Proviſions for their Future Race,
That They their Lineage never may Diſgrace;
And (what can moſt tranſporting Pleaſure give
To Gen'rous Souls) have Means the Wretched to Relieve;
And yet ſo far from Leſs'ning of their Store,
(Such Power have Poor Men's Pray'rs) They find it *More*;
From Heav'n Returns of *Profit* They Receive,
Beyond Proportion too of what They *Give*.
Thus Charity her Patrons does regard,
A little *Given* meets no ſmall Reward.
But where their Bounty like a Stream ſhall flow
She, for that Stream, an *Ocean* will beſtow.
'Tis Frenzy then for Men with Riches Bleſt,
To Sacrifice their Treaſure, Health and Reſt
To this *Tyrannic Vice*, who makes his Slaves
Tamely reſign what e'er the *Moloch* Craves;
Throw, crys the *Tyrant*, the Poor Slaves obey,
Tho', with their *Wealth*, they *Throw Themſelves* Away.

WHat Man, in his *Right Wits*, wou'd recommend
An *Artifice*, our *Fortunes* to Advance,
That puts our *Certainty* upon a *Chance*,
And leaves it to a *Turn* of *Dice* to ſhow
If that which we *Poſſeſs* be *Ours* or no.
The Wealthy have no need ſuch *Riſks* to run,
And why ſhou'd he that's *Poor* be quite *Undone*,
Leſs Reaſon ſure has He whoſe Stock is ſmall,
To Stake that *Little*, ſince it is his *All*;
Or if a Winning *Caſt* He ſhall have Thrown,
'Tis *Fortune*'s Mony ſtill, and not his *Own*,
Which *She* at next *Adventure* may recall
With *Intereſt*, and Strip the *Wretch* of *All*.
Ah, were no Future Puniſhment Aſſign'd
For Theſe moſt *Profligate* of Humane Kind,
The *Miſeries* that Here they *May* endure,
Upon a *Man* of *Senſe* ſhou'd Work a Cure,
Nor comes this *Tyrant Singly* on the Stage;
But Guarded by a Helliſh *Equipage*;
On him a Num'rous *Train* of *Vices* wait,
Envy and *Avarice*, *Revenge* and *Hate*,
Oaths, *Curſes*, *Blaſphemies* and *Execrations*;
If theſe *Enormities* are *Recreations*
Fiends are not in ſo very bad a Caſe;
And *Hell* it ſelf the moſt *Diverting* Place.
But grant no *Guilt* on *Gameſters* did attend,

For

For a *Wise Man* that very *May* won'd ſhun,
And ſince this Trade ſuch Numbers has Undone,
What certainty that He ſhall not make *One?*
How many wretched Objects Strike our Eyes,
That once ev'n ſurfeited with Luxuries,
Stalking about the Ghoſts of what they were;
Plung'd into Life's moſt diſmal Gulph, *Deſpair:*
By ſome Derided, and Condemn'd by All,
Without One Plea that can for Pity Call
Upon their Raſh and Voluntary *Fall.*
The *Prodigal* has *Pleaſure* for *Expence,*
And to a *Gen'rous Temper* ſome Pretence:

The *Epicure* t' extenuate his Crime,
Cry's, his Enjoyment laſts a *longer* Time;
But *Gameſters* through an *Age* of *Vices* run
In one *Short Hour,* and are the *Next* Undone.
And thus Contracting Univerſal Blame,
Scorn'd and *Unpitty'd Live,* and *Dye* in *Shame;*
Leaving their *Heirs,* (not *Heirs* but *abject Slaves*)
To *beg* their *Bread* and *curſe* 'em in their *Graves;*
The *Mourning Wife* ſhut from her Kindred's Door,
And, doom'd to the hard Choice of *Lew'd* or *Poor*
The *Son* turns *Padder,* and the *Daughter Wh*---

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VOL. I. Numb. 10.

The MONITOR.

Intended for the Promoting of RELIGION and VIRTUE, and Suppreſſing of Vice and Immorality.

In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

From Friday, March 20. to Monday, March 23. 1712-13.

Upon Reading theſe WORDS on a GRAVE-STONE.

As I am, ſo ſhall YE be.

HERE, Silent as its Grave, a Body lies,
Yet ſpeaks; not to our Ears, but to our Eyes;
Witneſs this ſtartling *Lecture* of the *Dead*,
And fit to be by each Surviver Read;
Inſcription is the *Language* of a *Tomb*,
Thus powerful *Art* can ſpeak when *Nature*'s Dumb.
And muſt We then, poor Mouldring Wretch, like Thee
All Pris'ners to a loathſom Dungeon be?
He that can doubt of lying thus forlorn
When once Deceas'd, may doubt his being *Born*;
For ſuch is the fix'd Lot of Humane State
That *Life* and *Death* at once commence their Date.
Life's but a Vapour that will quickly Fly,
And, to be *Born*, but to *begin* to *Die*.
In Cries the firſt *Breath*'s ſpent that Infants draw,
As Death than entring at the Door they ſaw.
Ah! Wretched State! Cloſe lock'd in hideous Night,
Without the *Viſit* of one Glimpſe of Light;
But when, for ſome new Pris'ner to make Room,
The Jaylor-Sexton ſhall ſet ope the Tomb;
To a Corner Crowd they huddled Bones, and then
The Marble Door, on Both, ſhuts faſt agen.
How diſmal ſuch Abode, in Manſions, where
The nauſeous Worms our Sole Companions are!
No more to ſcent the *Fragrancy* of *Spring*,
Nor hear its Choriſters in Conſort Sing;
Nor taſte the Sparkling Nectar that Inſpires
Declining Years with Fancy's Youthful Fires;
And, when the painted Scenes of *Hope* decay,
Freſh Colours lays, and makes the Proſpect *Gay*.
Baniſh'd from Beauty's Smiles, and Nobler Joys
That Friendſhip's much *more Happy Hours* Employs
From chearful *Converſation* to cold *Graves*,
Forgot by *Friends*, and trod upon by *Slaves*.
For this ſo rig'rous Treatment of the Dead
Hear next what 'tis th' Oppreſſour has to plead;
That All whom Death in Cuſtody detains,
Ne'er taſting Life's *Delights*; ne'r feel its *Pains*.
No longer by *Extreams* of Weather vex'd,
Nor with with *more* fickle *Fortune*'s Freaks perplex'd.
But, oh! ſuch Troops of Foes Life's Peace invade,
In open Field, and more in Ambuſh laid,
That their tranſcendant Numbers to recount
The Moments of ones Life-Time would furmount.
But that more powerful Charm of *Indolence*,
Againſt 'em *All* is a ſecure Defence.
Immur'd with *Tombs*, in ſafe Repoſe we lie;
Their Rage not *feeling* all their Rage *deſie*.
This *Apathy*, this want of *Senſe* and *Thought*,
Laſt Comfort to the Dying * *Cynic* brought.
And is this All the Cynic had to ſay,
His Miſery of *Living* to repay?
Stupidity his grand Prerogative?
Much better Comfort *inſpir'd* Writers give:

* *Diogenes*, who finding Himſelf ſtruck with Death, lay down upon a high Bank in an open Field, and his Friends adviſing him to be carry'd Home to Die there, and be decently Bury'd. *Why ſo*, (ſaid he) *Becauſe* (reply'd they) *you will here be expos'd to Birds and Beaſts of Prey, that will pluck and gnaw the Fleſh from your Bones. Lay my long Staff by me* (anſwer'd He) *That will do you no Service* (ſaid They) *for you will have no Senſe left to make uſe of it. Then* (ſaid He) *I ſhall have None left to feel what they do to Me.*

That

That if the Life kind Providence has lent
In Virtue's Noble Service has been ſpent,
In Death it ſhall to *Paradiſe* retire,
And into *Immortality* expire.

Yet farther; how, when the laſt Trumpet's Sound
Shall wake the ſtartled Nation Under Ground;
That other Partner that now mouldring lies,
Shall like the Phœnix from its *Aſhes* riſe:
Not, like that Bird, in *Solitary* State,
But Wedded to, and Worthy of its Mate.
To ſhare in Bliſs they never knew before,
And (what's the Bliſs of Bliſs) to Part no more.

The CAUTION.

ONE Year, they who have reach'd extreameſt Age,
May well expect before they quit the Stage,
And wondrous Works which are not yet begun,
May all be finiſh'd e'er One Year is don;
But look back Fool upon a *ſcore* are paſt,
And judge by *Them* how long One Year will laſt.
What finiſh'd Works in One you're like to boaſt.
When Thinking to Begin has Twenty coſt.

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VOL. I. Numb. 11.

The MONITOR.

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In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

From Monday, March 23. to Wednesday, March 25. 1712-13.

Upon the ANNUNCIATION of the BLESSED VIRGIN.

IF to a Cottage MAJESTY reſort,
'Tis then no more a Cottage but a *Court:*
So, whilſt DEVOTION There vouchſafes to Dwell,
Her *Preſence* makes a *Temple* of a Cell:
And ſuch was that where the Religious Pair
Perform'd their Oriſons, of Praiſe and Pray'r:
And tho' Betroth'd for Matrimonial Bands,
(In due Obeyſance to the Law's Commands)
Aſſum'd the Names of Husband and of Wife,
Yet both Devoted were to Virgin-Life.
And 'twas no Wonder that they both Agreed
To live as each in early Years decreed.
They lov'd, yet Strangers to the Nuptial Bed;
(So Angels Love, and Angels ſo might Wed)
Of ſlender Wealth, yet *Royalty* did Shine,
And ſhow'd, in *Poverty*, Great DAVID's *Line*
The Husband near Ally'd; th' Illuſttious Maid
Heireſs to Scepters that *Jeſſides* ſway'd.
Yet all to Heav'n's Diſpoſal ſhe reſign'd,
And never at her Low Eſtate Repin'd,
For none was half ſo Humble as her *Mind.*
He Ancient; but for Verdant Age Renown'd;
The Virgin-Wife with Youth and Beauty crown'd.
The Sex's Glory Center'd in her Face,
And all ſublim'd with a Cæleſtial Grace,
That o'er her Charms (too Bright for Mortal View)
A ſoft'ning Veil of Modeſt Meekneſs threw,
That made Them with a Milder Luſtre paſs,
Like Sun-Beams darting through a Criſtal Glaſs.
Seldom in Public came this *Maiden Queen,*
And then with ſuch a venerable Mein
That, with an aweful Joy th' admiring Crowd,
As at th' Appearance of an Angel, Bow'd.
The Grateful Earth, where She vouchſaf'd to tread,
Beneath her Feet a Flow'ry Carpet ſpread;
Where ſhe Retir'd, what e'er the *Seaſon* were,
The Bloom and Fragrancy of *Spring* was there;
And ſtill attended, as became a Queen,
With Faithful Guards of Angels, tho' Unſeen.
Receiv'd with State where-e'er ſhe deign'd to come,
But moſt Delighted with her Humble *Home:*
At Her own Pallace there Herſelf ſhe deem'd,
And, whilſt abſented thence, in *Exile* ſecin'd.
No ſingle Hour ariv'd but brought her Joy,
For well cou'd She her ev'ry Hour Employ,
In Day-Devotion, or Domeſtic Care,
All theſe ſhe welcom'd, but her *Darlings* were
The ſilent Seaſons of *Nocturnal* Pray'r;
Of Pray'r, and ev'ry Exerciſe beſides
That Piety for Active Zeal provides.
One Night, when other Offices were done,
And Contemplation's thoughtful Hours begun,
Thoſe Myſtic Oracles ſhe did revolve
Which, tho' conſider'd oft, ſhe ne'er cou'd ſolve.
But One *Preſage* did moſt her Thoughts Employ,
The Subject of her Wonder and her Joy;
'Twas, that *a Virgin ſhou'd conceive a Son*
That wou'd regain his Father *David*'s Throne.
She Credited the Prophecy, and knew
MESSIAH meant by the Prediction too,
Nor Ignorant that *near* the Seaſon drew;

Reaſon

Reason and *Faith* thus far were reconcil'd,
But how a *Virgin* cou'd *conceive* a Child
She cou'd not gueſs, but *Her* did Happy call,
On whom ſo great a Dignity ſhou'd fall:
Then (leaſt ſuſpecting that her Self was She)
Cry'd out, what vaſt Preferment 'twere for me,
Might I that honour'd Virgin's Handmaid be!
Whilſt thus ſhe mus'd, her Glimm'ring Lamp was drown'd
In Luſtre, ſuch as might the Sun confound;
Ambroſial Odours through the Cell were ſpread,
GABRIEL appears, and to the Trembling Maid,
In Language gentle as his Aſpect, ſaid——
Hail *Mary* full of Grace; th' *Almighty Lord*
Thy favour'd Breaſt has with Perfections ſtor'd,
That render Thee the Glory of thy Sex.
This Salutation did her Mind perplex:
Then thus the *Seraph*—— *Mary*, ceaſe thy Fear,
What can'ſt thou dread who art to GOD ſo dear?
Thou ſhalt *Conceive* and *Bear* a *Son*; of Fame
Surpaſſing Mortals; JESUS is his Name,
Who ſhall with Sov'raign Grandeur be Inſtall'd,
Nor leſs than *Son* of the *Moſt High* be call'd.
He ſhall his Father *David*'s Throne aſcend,
And of his Kingdom there ſhall be no End.
But how (reply'd the *Virgin*) can this be,
Since I from Knowledge of Mankind am free?
That (anſwer'd he) no *Seraph*'s Skill can tell,
But nothing is to GOD impoſſible.
By that Almighty *Spirit's Energy*,
Whoſe Pow'rful Wings ſhall over-ſhadow Thee;
And for that Cauſe the Child that thou ſhalt bear,
The Title of the Son of GOD ſhall wear.
Inſtructed thus how ſhe at once may gain
A *Parent's* Fame, yet *Virgins* Praiſe retain,
Behold (ſaid ſhe) the *Handmaid of the Lord*,
Be this to me according to thy Word.
The *Seraph* (pleas'd with her Aſſent) withdrew
And up to his Celeſtial Manſion flew;
Where all around the Heav'nly Hoſt did preſs,
Impatient till they heard his *Embaſſy's Succeſs*.

Errata in the laſt Paper:

P. 1. col. 1. Line 21. r. T'a Corner crowd the. Col. 2. l. 5 and 6. r. Joy. employ'd p. 2. col. 1. l. 6. for Nation r. Nations.

For the future, no Perſons are to pay any thing down, only Six Pence when they have receiv'd Six Papers, except they will buy thoſe back to make up their Sets.

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VOL. I. Numb. 12.

The MONITOR.

Intended for the Promoting of RELIGION and VIRTUE, and Suppressing of Vice and Immorality.

In Pursuance of Her MAJESTY's *Most Gracious Directions.*

Perform'd by Mr. TATE, Poet Laureat to Her MAJESTY, Mr SMITH, and Others.

From Wednesday, March 25. to Friday, March 27. 1712-13.

The WITCH of ENDOR.

SAUL.

THOU who the Mysteries of Fate dost know,
And sit'st in Council with the Gods below;
Tho' not a few (besides thy self) are said
To be in *Magic Arts* profoundly read,
Wyzards and *Witches* that can Check the *Moon*
In full Career, and Blind the *Sun* at Noon.
Some deeply Skill'd, and some in less Degree,
But *Servants* and *Retainers* all to *Thee*;
Not One into thy *Sov'reign* Secret led,
Of holding *Correspondence* with the *Dead*.
Nor (when thou wou'dst Consult some grand Affair,)
Down to their dismal *Mansions* need'st repair,
But Summon'st Them from *their* Aboads to come,
And wait for Audience at thy Presence— *Room*;
If you demand why Strangers (such we are,
Nor only so, but Travell'd from a far)
So late arriv'd at your Nocturnal Court,
Dread Sorc'ress 'tis for proof of this Report:
If then your Skill's proportion'd to your Fame,
Raise from beneath the Man that we shall Name.

WITCH.

I own, Sirs, you like *Strangers* speak indeed,
Since Ignorant of what our *Saul* decreed;
Whose *Edict* nothing less than *Death* imparts
To all that Learn or Practise *Magic Arts*.
But shou'd it prove that You no *Strangers* are
To *Israel's* State, nor yet arriv'd from far?
But sly Court-Spies, with plausible Pretence,
To get the Cruel King Intelligence.
Give me your solemn Oath that your Intent
Was, some impending Danger to prevens,
That this *Night-Visit* is with fair Design
To save your *Own* Life, not to Ruin *Mine*.

SAUL.

Then, as *Jehovah* Lives, our own Distress,
Not Harm to You, occasion'd this Address;
If any shall betide Thee on this Score,
The Same to Us befall, and Thousands more.

WITCH.

Whom shall I raise?

SAUL.

Let *Samuel* appear.

WITCH.

Hah, what Means this? my Lamps that blaz'd so clear
Burn dim; sure *Signal* that some Danger's near!
Beneath my Feet I feel the Ground to Start,
And beat Time to the Tremblings of my Heart;
But since I see that awful Figure rise,
Assur'd I am of what I did surmize,
This Stranger is *Saul's* Self in a Disguise.
Well, I'll upbraid him, (for I can but fall)
Why hast thou cozen'd me? for Thou art *Saul*.
Great Sir, to practise circumventing Art
May be a *Courtier's*, not a *Monarch's* Part.

SAUL.

SAUL.

Yet fear not Thou, but with the *Charm* proceed,
Saul now Revokes what *Saul* before decreed;
That This to Thee shall no Disaster bring
A King has sworn, and by th' *Al mighty* King
Whom did'st Thou see?

WITCH.

Ascending Gods I saw.

SAUL.

What was his Form, that struck Thee with such Awe?

WITCH.

An Ancient Seer, in Rev'ren'd Robes.

SAUL.

——————Tis He.
See, *Samuel*, how low *Saul* bows to Thee.

SAMUEL.

What! Can't the Grave, where ev'ry weary Guest
Is welcom'd with Repose, secure my Rest?
Too much, in Life, thou did'st my Peace confound,
And do'st Thou Persecute me Under Ground?
Let it suffice that Thou did'st waking keep
My grieving Thoughts; but let my *Ashes* sleep.

SAUL.

Most Rev'rend Shade, *Distress* and *Cares* surround
My troubl'd Soul, and all my Thoughts confound;
The *Philistiens*, with formidable Pow'r,
Approach us, and we dread the Fatal Hour.
Since Heav'n (Once our *Ally*) our Cause forsakes,
Nor by his Prophets any Answer makes,
Nor other Signals to direct our Minds,
But leaves us all like Chaff before the Winds;
In vain we Sacrifice, in vain Adore,
He casts us off and will be found no more,
No succour left, but *Samuel's*, to implore.

SAMUEL.

Art thou forsook of Heav'n and com'st to me,
As Heav'n and I were faln at Enmity?
Know then, because Thou failedst to fulfil,
Upon his destin'd † Foes th' Almighty's Will,
And those whom He to *Outmost Slaughter* gave,
Didst, in *Prevaricating*, Pitty save,
Israel shall be to *Philistians* a Prey;
And *David* mount thy Throne the following Day.
Yet more —— to Morrow, Oh! too Morrow, know
Thou and thy Sons shall be with me Below.

† The *Amalakites*.

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VOL. I. Numb. 13.

The MONITOR.

Intended for the Promoting of RELIGION and VIRTUE, and Suppreſſing of Vice and Immorality.

In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

Perform'd by Mr. TATE, Poet Laureat to Her MAJESTY, Mr. SMITH, and Others.

From Friday, March 27. to Monday, March 30. 1713.

The CHARACTER of an Humble CONTENTED MAN; from an Antient Manuſcript, as appears by the Style and Verſification, but 'tis hop'd the good Senſe will be acceptable in This, or Any Age.

I.

HAPPY, thrice happy is that ſweet Eſtate,
That neither Creeps too low, nor ſoars too high,
Which yields no Matter for Diſſent or Hate,
Which others not diſdain, nor yet Envy,
Which neither *does*, nor *takes* an Injury;
But living to it *Self*, in ſweet Content,
Is neither *Sordid*, nor yet *Inſolent*.

II.

He lives indeed, and ſpends his Courſe of Time
In trueſt Pleaſure that This Life can yield;
He hath ſet Hours to Pray at Ev'n and Prime,
He walks Abroad into his quiet Field;
And Studies how his Home-Affairs to Wield;
His Soul and Body make one *Common-Wealth*,
And He contrives to keep them both in Health.

III.

He fears no Poyſons in his Meats or Drinks;
He needs no Guard to watch about his Bed;
And fears no Harm, becauſe no Harm He Thinks.
No Dang'rous Projects Hammer in his Head,
He ſits and ſees how Things are managed;
And by obſerving what has oft been done,
Conjectures well how future Things will run.

IV.

If He would deal with Kings and Mighty Men,
He doth Converſe with Them in *Hiſtory*;
If He wou'd know the Heav'nly Motions, then
He takes his Globe, and reads Aſtronomy;
His Maps and Carts teach Him Coſmography;
And whilſt in his ſafe Cell He ſtudying Stands,
In one ſhort Hour He Viſits Seas and Lands.

V.

And tir'd at laſt with the Diſcovery
Of *Foreign* Things, He comes more near to *Home*;
He looks into *Himſelf* with curious Eye,
That little World, that is *Indeed* his *Own*,
He Travels in, which being truly known,
Affords enough for Wonder and Delight,
When He has learn'd to know *Himſelf* aright.

Another to the ſame Purpoſe by the ſame Author concerning HUMILITY.

I.

STORMS rage more fiercely on the Hills than Dales;
Shrubs better than high Cedars Winds endure;
Thoſe Colours ſooneſt Stain that are moſt Pure;
Oh let him Graſp the Clouds, and Span the Skies,
That can aſſure himſelf Felicities.

II.

In all that this ſame Maſſie World doth hold,
There is a certain Mixture to be found,
Either of Dry, of Moiſt, or Hot, or Cold,
Of which, if any One too much abound,
The Body's then afflicted and unſound,
But where a juſt Proportion is maintain'd,
Firm Health's continu'd, and loſt Health regain'd.

III. So

III.

So fares it with our Fortune and our State,
Nothing is ſimply ſweet, or ſimply ſower;
Our Wealth is mixt with Woe, our Love with Hate,
Our Hope with Fear, and Weakneſs with our Pow'r;
Bright Moons breed Miſts, the faireſt Moon a Show'r;
And, as there is an *Autumn* and a *Spring*,
So Change by Courſe is ſeen in ev'ry Thing.

IV.

The Wind that's now at South, will change to Nore,
The greeneſt Groves will turn to wither'd Hay;
The Seas both Ebb and Flow at ev'ry Shore;
The Moon doth wax and wane, yet not Decay,
Day draws on Night, and Night draws on the Day;
Our *Selves* once *Babes*, now *Men*, then *Old*, and then
Return to our firſt Parent, Earth, agen.

An EPIGRAM upon PRAYER.

PRAYER Higheſt ſoars when She moſt Proſtrate lies,
And when ſhe *Supplicates*, ſhe ſtorms the Skies,
Thus to gain *Heav'n*, may ſeem an eaſy Task,
For what can be more eaſy than to *Aſk*?
Yet oft we do, by ſad Experience, find
That, clogg'd with Earth, ſome Pray'rs are left behind;
And ſome, like Chaff, blown off by ev'ry Wind.
To kneel is eaſy, to pronounce not Hard;
Then why are ſome Petitioners debarr'd?
Hear what an Ancient * Oracle declar'd.
Some *ſing* their Pray'rs, and ſome their Prayers *ſay*,
He's an ELIAS who his Pray'rs can PRAY.
Reader remember when you next repair
To Church or Cloſet, this Memoir of PRAY'R.

PROCRASTINATION.

TO *morrow*, yes, *To morrow* you'll Repent,
A Train of Years in Vice and Folly ſpent,
To morrow comes, no Penitential Sorrow
Appears therein, for ſtill it is *To morrow*:
At length, *To morrow* ſuch a *Habit* gains
As if it were the *Time* that *Heav'n* ordains,
And you believe *To day* too ſoon will be,
Till more *To morrows* you're deny'd to ſee.

We have preſented the Two firſt Copies in their own Antique Dreſs, Antiquity in Expreſſion, as well as on Other Accounts, being, in ſome Perſons Sentiments, venerable; and this was our Great *Milton's* Perſuaſion and Practiſe.

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From Monday, March 30. to Wednesday, April 1. 1713.

MATTHEW XXVII. 19. *Also when he was set down upon the Judgment Seat, his Wife sent to him, saying, have thou nothing to do with that Just Man: For I have suffered many things this Day in a Dream by reason of him.*

WHILE Impious Pilate mounts the Judgment-Seat,
His Virtuous Lady slept in her Retreat;
A Bow'r with all the Pride of Nature drest,
That wakeful Sorrow's self cou'd charm to Rest:
Much more might Innocence Repose enjoy,
And no molesting Dream her Peace annoy;
No Dream of idle and Phantastic Play,
But such as Heav'nly Raptures did convey,
Nor those dispos'd by Fancy's Hum'rous Will,
But under Conduct of Angelic Skill;
For still some Guardian-Seraph's watchful Care
Suffers no troublous Dream to enter There,
Unless subservient to some grand Affair.

'Twas now just Break of Day when *Michael* came
With missive Visions to the sleeping Dame,
His present Errand was, on *Procla*'s Mind,
Those Draughts to Copy He in Heav'n design'd;
To them He joins the Phantoms that were kept
In Memory's close Cell, while *Procla* slept;
For 'tis of such Materials Dreams are made,
Which being now in artful Order laid
A vast Variety of Scenes display'd.
So, great *Apelles*, thy mysterious Skill
An empty Canvas cou'd with Wonders fill;
A Palace Here, and There a City build,
Then ope' a Prospect to the spacious Field;
Here plant a Grove, and There cou'd start a Spring,
And into Flow'ry-Meads the Stranger bring;
Else where a smooth and Crystal Lake cou'd place,
The Mirrour where pleas'd *Phœbus* view'd his Face,
Then ruffle the calm Skies into a Storm;
Such Prodigies the Pencil can perform:
Yet expeditious Fancy brings in view
More Images than e'er that Master drew.

So far'd it now with *Procla*, whose first Dream
Presented to her Sight a Silver Stream,
On whose calm Bank a Cedar seem'd to rise,
Till his Aspiring Head had peirc'd the Skies.
And with Proportion'd Breadth, that all around
Shadow'd from *scorching Beams* the *Pasture-Ground*,
There Flock and Shepherd both cool Umbrage found.
Its leafy Branches were the safe Retreat
Where feather'd Songsters did their Notes repeat;
To th' Hospitable Shade their Thanks they sung,
Securely there they Built and Hateh'd their Young.
At length, with Epidemic Fury fir'd,
The Swains against this Friendly Tree conspir'd;
This Cedar to destroy, from ev'ry Farm
With Axes arm'd, a furious Rabble swarm:
The Master of the Field with Clamour prest,
And finding him averse to their Request,
The Tim'rous Man with Menaces they fright,
To execute their sacrilegious Spight:
Then, instigated by the Pow'rs of Hell,
With Outcries to their Barbarous Work they fell;
So brought the Stately Cedar to the Ground,
Yet not without Revenge for ev'ry Wound,
It Fell, and with its Fall, the *Murdrers* did *confound*.

While *Procla* wept the Cedar's Overthrow,
She Sees, on Wing, a Swan more white than Snow;

Majestic

Majeſtic was his Movement, and a Throng
Of Choriſters careſs'd him with their Song;
Procla the Beauty of the Bird admir'd,
When ſuddenly the Frighted Sun retir'd;
He ſaw, againſt this ſingle Swan Combind
Armies of Vultures, and ſo fierce a Kind
As ne'er on Rocks of *Caucaſus* were bred,
Nor in *Hyrcania*'s Savage Foreſt fed;
He, Conſcious of his Fate, yet not diſmay'd,
Nor calling to his Strong Allies for Aid,
Moſt patiently for his Aſſaſſins ſtay'd:
That pretious Life, which He by Flight might ſave,
A willing Victim to their Rage He gave.
One plucks his Plumes, nor yet cou'd that ſuffice,
But tears the Fleſh, while others gore his Eyes.
Some, adding to their Cruelty, Diſgrace,
Smote with unhallow'd Wings his Heav'nly Face;
Nor ceas'd till Wings and Beaks and Claws were Tir'd,
Thus (ſweetly Singing ſtill) the mangled Swan expir'd.
This Tragedy the Lady's Grief renews,
'Till ſallying downwards from the Clouds ſhe views
A Troop of Eagles, whoſe Superior Rage
Arm'd with Revenge, thoſe Vultures did Engage,
And *Strew'd* their *Carkaſſes* on the ſame *Tragic Stage*.
The next Scene a vaſt Forreſt did preſent,
Where Creatures mild and Savage did frequent,
The Huntſmen come, the Dogs to Work are ſet,
Who chance to force into the ſelf ſame Net
An ill-match'd Pair, a rav'nous Wolf was One,
T'other a Deer that Harm had never done:
Twas now in th' Huntſmen's Choice which ſhould be ſlain,
And which turn'd looſe into the Woods again.
The *Wolf*'s diſmiſs'd to Ravage through the Plains;
The *Deer* with Guiltleſs *Blood* the *Ground* diſtains,
And both with Shouts of thoſe applauding Swains.
The Foreſt's Muſter, wak'ned with their Cries,
With all his Arm'd Domeſtics Thither flies;
His Sees his Favourite-Deer, whom He had bred,
And with his own Hand from his Table fed,
Lay'd weltring in his *Gore*, Strab'd, Mangled, Dead.
In juſt Revenge thoſe Murd'rers firſt he Slays,
And then their Village all in Aſhes lays.

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From Wednesday, April 1. to Friday, April 3. 1713.

Upon the CRUCIFICTION of our BLESSED SAVIOUR. *A* DIALOGUE *between a* DISCIPLE *and ſeveral* MESSENGERS. *In Blank Verſe.*

DISCIPLE.

TOO much already we have heard, and yet
Th' Aſtoniſhment and Horror in that Face
Still threaten more; before thou ſpeak'ſt we know
His Foes will execute their utmoſt Rage:
But tell how the Spectators were affected.

MESSENGER.

With diff'rent Paſſions, ſome half dead with Grief,
Whilſt others Triumph'd in his Sufferings;
Yet, tho' ſo various their Commotions were,
'Twas ſtrange to ſee how they ſupply'd each other;
Laughter excited Tears, and Tears caus'd Laughter.
The tender Sex ev'n to Diſtraction Griev'd,
One Tears her Hair, another Beats her Breaſt,
Some Sobbing, ſome Exclaiming, and ſome Silent
With meer Aſtoniſhment; but, ah, what Tongue
Can ſpeak the Virgin-Mother's Agonies!
In her the Grief of all the Mourners met,
With more that were *peculiarly* her *Own:*
Before the Croſs ſhe ſtood, nor knew which way
To caſt her Eyes; if down to Earth ſhe look'd,
There lay a Deluge of her dear Son's Blood;
If upwards, there another Crimſon Show'r
Pour'd from his Thorn-Crown'd Head, pierc'd Hands and Feet:
And that which gave to Both the *Painfull'ſt* Wound,
His Sacred *Body* to the Rabble's Eyes
Expos'd—While *Modeſty* with him was *ſtript*,
And ſuffer'd *Crucifixion* too———
What Language can expreſs the Love and Grief
Of ſuch a Parent, and for ſuch a Son?
What Language can expreſs the Grief and Love
Of ſuch a Son, and for ſo Bleſs'd a Parent?
His Pangs Rack'd Her, and Her's Tormented Him;
And oh! if ſuch an Ocean of Afflictions
Be capable of More, That *More* was added;
Deriſion to *Diſtreſs*; Mock'd, Scoff'd, Reproach'd
By Men of all Degrees; Prieſts, Soldiers, Slaves;
Ev'n *Miſery* it Self inſulted *Him*,
The *Guilty* Partn'ers of his *Unjuſt* Doom
Upbraided Him.

DISCIPLE.

———Say, how did He ſuſtain
Theſe Barbarous Indignities?

MESSENGER.

———With Patience,
Unparallell'd as were his Injuries,
At length ſome Words He Spoke, and Thoſe a *Pray'r*,
Pray'r for his *Murderers*—*Forgive 'em Father,*
Forgive 'em for They know not what they do.
O Sir, to give his Suff'rings by Retail,
Trac'd from *Gethſemane* to *Golgotha*,
With the New Scenes of Sorrows acted There,
Thoſe Waves of Woe wou'd Overwhelm Us All.

Content

Content your Self to take 'em in the Groſs,
'Till I recover Breath for the Particulars
Of That dire Tragedy.——

DISCIPLE.

——————Nor Finiſh'd yet.

MESSENGER.

Time ſtood amaz'd to ſee ſo many Ages
Of moſt Conſummate Miſeries Tranſacted
Within the Compaſs of one *Night* and *Day*.

DISCIPLE.

As needs They muſt that were to Expiate,
And *Pay* the ſinful *Scores* of all Mankind.
So vaſt that Reck'ning——— Hah, whence this Commotion?
Do my Feet fail me, or the Ground my Feet?
'Tis Earth's Convulſion; ſee the Sun ſtarts too!
And to untimely *Night* Reſigns his Spheer,
Glad that ſhe does her ſable Curtain draw
'Twixt him and ſuch a Spectacle.

Second MESSENGER.

——————'Tis over;
The Lord of Life's Expir'd, what you have heard
Was but the Prologue to his Tragedy;
The Thorns, Whips, Nails, and ſharper Blaſphemies
That pierc'd his tender Body, were forgot,
When Sorrow's Ocean ruſh'd into his *Soul*:
And Inſi'ence of Paternal Deity
Was quite withdrawn, witneſs his woful Cry,
My God, my God, why haſt thou me forſaken?
Thus, in the *Furnace* of his Father's *Wrath*,
No Wonder 'twas that He ſhou'd Cry, *I Thirſt*.
But lo! to mock his Miſ'ry to the laſt,
Inſtead of Wine they reach him Vinigar;
And deeming That too mild, the Soldier's Spear
Gores through his Heart, and Opens a wide Gate
For the Remains of Life to ſally forth;
Then with a Dying Voice (but ſuch a Voice
That ev'n in Death ſpoke his Divinity)
He cry'd 'tis Finiſh'd: Father, I commit
My Spirit into thy Hands: then Bow'd his Head
And yielded up the Ghoſt.

DISCIPLE.

——————And what enſu'd?

Second MESSENGER.

Prodigious Thunder eccho'd his laſt Groans;
The People run Diſtracted through the Gloom:
The Priſon Doors of Death are open ſet,
Inhabitants of Graves and Tombs come forth
To viſit their old Friends; the Rocks Diſſolve:
And the more flinty Breaſt of the Centurion,
That ne'er 'till now Compaſſion felt or Fear,
Submits to Both; his late Blaſpheming Tongue
Humbly Recanting, owns the *Suff'ring* GOD.

DISCIPLE.

See, how the Rabble to the Sacred Dome,
Hurry, with greater Haſte then late they did
To *Pilate*'s Palace, or curſt *Cavalry*.

Third MESSENGER.

Not for Devotion, but to gaze upon
A Prodigy, that like our *Moſes* Serpent,
Has ſwallow'd up the Reſt
Our Temple's *Veils* is Rent, to pieces ſhatter'd;
And all the Secrets of our *Holieſt Holy*
(So long to Jews and Gentiles Venerable)
Expos'd to Vulgar and Unhallow'd Eyes.

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From Friday, April 3. to Monday, April 6. 1713.

Altho' many Gentlemen have deſir'd that this Paper may come out oftner, yet finding (by the Number of Subſcribers continually coming in) that One Day in a Week muſt be appropriated to the Entring the Subſcribers Names in the Books, and the adjuſting all Accounts; we hope we ſhall be excus'd, if for the future, we Publiſh it only on *Mondays* and *Fridays*.

N. B. All that ſhall come in hereafter are to pay nothing down, only Six Pence when they have receiv'd Six Papers, and ſo on, the Money always to be paid to the Bearers of the Papers.

An ODE upon EASTER-DAY.

I.

YOU that with Pious Pray'r and Faſt
Have ſolemniz'd the *Seaſon* paſt,
Whoſe ſympathizing Souls did Mourn
Your SAVIOUR's Death; and to his Tomb
The Tribute of your Tears did pay;
Come All, for You have Right to Come,
To Celebrate the Joyful Day,
The Glorious Morning of your Lord's Return.

II.

Oh! think with what Inſulting State
The King of Terrors ſat,
How proudly He ſurvey'd
The *King of Kings* his Captive made,
And ſubject to the *Common* Fate.
He never took ſuch proud Delight
His Conqu'ring Foot to ſet
On young aſpiring *Ammon*'s Tomb;
Nor, after Ten Years Fight,
To ſee both *Greek* and *Trojan* Hero's met
Like Tributary Slaves, at his dark Preſence-*Room*.

III.

That *Mortal* Monarchs had their Homage paid,
And at his Feet their Crowns and Scepters laid.
No ſmall Archievement He eſteem'd;
But *This* a *Total* Conqueſt ſeem'd
The *Lord* of *Life* to Slay,
Since when of nothing leſs he Dream'd
Than *Univerſal* Sway:
This made him caſt a ſcornful Eye
On all the World beſide,
As Vaſſals to his Pride;
The World that now had no Pretenſe
To Stand on Her Defence,
When at the Victor's Feet ſhe ſaw her *Maker* lye.

IV.

Yet Vaunting Tyrant, thou ſhalt ſee
'Twas not an *Equal* Strife
Betwixt the Sov'raign Lord of Life,
And Poor Preſumptuous *Thee*.
Thou took'ſt but what He *Gave*,
A Life He wou'd not ſave,
And ſhall aſſume again;
For ſoon thy Arrogance ſhall know
That he ſubmitted to thy Chain,
Not with Deſign thy Bands to wear,
But, *Sampſon*-like, to ſhow
With how much Eaſe thy Fetters he can tear;
Therefore inſult not in his Death,
Who Mortgag'd, for a while, his Breath,

That

That his *Redeem'd* may *Deathless* Life obtain,
And Death Eternally be *slain.*

V.

Ev'n now the sacred Corps Revives;
Once more the Vanquish'd with the Victor Strives:
Stand, if thou dar'st, the furious Shock;
For see how his first Blow has cleft the Rock?
Hark how it makes Earth's Center Groan,
And breaks the Brazen Gates of Hell;
Whose Legions with an Hidious Yell
Their *Panick* Terror own;
And dar'st Thou, Wretch, pretend to combat Him
Alone.

VI.

It was on this Illustrious Day
The Great *Creator* did his Works Survey,
And having found 'em all,
(The whole, and ev'ry Part)
Form'd with Consummate Art,
And worthy to be Blest,
He let his Universal Blessing fall;
And so Retir'd (well-pleas'd) to his Eternal Rest.

VII.

A new Creation on This Day was wrought,
And to Perfection brought.
A World of Wonders that shall last,
When Earth and Heav'ns are past;
A World that shall Restore,
(Tho' to the *Maker's* dearest Cost)
The Paradise that *Adam* lost:
Well therefore may This DAY be Blest,
That to the SAVIOUR's Toyls gave Rest,
Whose Power and Love we now Adore
Upon a Double Score,
To MAKE a World was Much, but to REDEEM
was More.

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Perform'd by Mr. TATE, Poet Laureat to Her MAJESTY, Mr. SMITH, and Others.

From Monday, April 6. to Friday, April 10. 1713.

WE hope it will not be unacceptable to give you a Supplement to our Paper for *Good Friday* laſt which we were then forc'd to exclude for want of Room and have here ſettled, as being the moſt afflicting Paſſage of our Bleſſed Lord and Saviour's Crucifixion, *viz.* His Derecliction from the ſuſtaining Influence of the Almighty Father, His Humanity, ſeeming then to be left to grapple by its ſelf with Divine Wrath and Juſtice, and to make an Expiation for the Sins of the whole World, and which every Son of *Adam* is oblig'd to be concern'd at as He pretends to the Name of Chriſtian; for, as a Reverend Divine has Remark'd, he muſt be no Member of the Chriſtian Church, that has not ſome Feeling of ſuch Sufferings of the Head.

We are almoſt aſham'd to be forc'd to Apologize for treating of this Subject in blank Verſe, which was not capable of being manag'd in Rhime but to great Diſadvantage, That Jingle always carrying ſomething of Littleneſs along with it, which brings to mind what *Martial* very wittily ſays of COTTA, that would ſet up for a Beau and a Bully together, which was incompatible:

Bellus Homo & Magnus vis Idem Cotta Videri;
Sed Qui Bellus Homo eſt Cotta Puſillus Homo eſt.

We ſhall here beg the Reader's Pardon for mentioning a Paſſage told a Gentleman of our Society almoſt Forty Years ſince by Mr. *Dryden*, who went with Mr. *Waller* in Company, to make a Viſit to Mr. *Milton*, and deſire his Leave for putting his *Paradiſe loſt* into Rhime for the Stage. Well, Mr. *Dryden*, ſays *Milton*, it ſeems you have a Mind to *Tagg* my Points, and you have my Leave to *Tagg* 'em, but ſome of 'em are ſo Awkard and Old Faſhion'd, that I think you had as good leave 'em as you found 'em.

This following comes after, *Witneſs his woful Cry*, in laſt *Fryday*'s Paper.

——When Hell's amazing Horrors
Star'd in his Face, and challeng'd the full Payment
For the World's Sins, to which he ſtood engag'd,
Not only for the paſt from *Adam*'s Fall,
But for the Guilt of all ſucceeding Ages;
Juſtice had Muſterd all in a large Scrowl,
And ſpread it to his View; O ſuch a Sight
As only Innocence could gaze upon;
For only at his Eyes her own ſhe ſhot,
Whilſt rigid Vengeance waited by her Side,
To ſee 'em clear'd by Tale, no ſingle Slip
Let paſs without Particular Satisfaction;
Millions of Torments crowded in each Minute,
But Pride uſurp'd the firſt and faireſt Leaf,
Then follow'd learing Spight, ſly Slander next,
Lean Avarice with gnawing Ruſt beſmear'd
Ignoble cheating, fawning Smiling Fraud
With Poyſons Ponyards, all the Inſtruments
Of Death conceal'd; ſelf tort'ring Tyranny,
Jealous of her own Shadow; ſolemn Lying;
Sin fat'ning Faſts, audacious Sacriledge.
Rotten Hypocriſie, proud learned Folly,
Intemp'rance wall'wing in a Lake of Filth,
And Murder bathing in a Sea of Blood;
No Pecadillo nor Gygantick Crime,
But there did *Marſhal'd* ſtand in dire Array,
And all on ſingle Suff'ring Jeſus hurl'd.
Mean time the Avennues that might convey
Relief to his afflicted Heart cut off,
No Glimpſe of Hope or Heav'nly Solace ſuff'r'd
To march that Way.

An

An EPIGRAM upon CHRIST and DEATH.

TWIXT *Christ* and *Death* was once a mighty Strife,
The King of Terrors with the Lord of Life;
Both valiant *Cheifs*, and never known to yield,
What therefore was the Fortune of the Field?
By being vanquish'd Christ did Conquest Gain,
And Death by Conqu'ring was for ever Slain.

Upon Chast, Conjugal LOVE.

I.

THey that enjoy, and Joy in their *own Love*,
Whose Virtuous Souls admit no secret stain,
Who never did *unlawful* Pleasures prove,
But chastly Loving, are Belov'd again;
Thrice Happy they; more true Content they gain,
Than those who set no Limits to their Change,
More disappointed, still the more they Range.

II.

For Streams divided run a shallow'r Course
Than those that in a single Channel run;
A Roving Fancy ever likes Them worse
That are obtain'd, than those that are unwon,
For still they find their Hopes are but begun;
Dreaming of Bliss They never found, nor will,
For Want will ever wait on all that's *Ill*.

III.

For how can Sin afford Sincere Delight
Whose best Effect is dearly to Repent;
As well may Darkness be the Cause of Light
As Wickedness conduce to true Content,
They find their Cost and Labour all mispent;
Whilst Virtuous Pleasures are compleat and sound,
And *Lawful* is at last *Delightful* found.

We now furnish Five Charity Schools, with the Benevolence of those who contributed thereunto

Subscriptions, Letters, or Advertisements, will be taken in at Brown's Coffee-House in King-street, Westminster; The Windsor Coffee-House, the Lower-end of St. Martin's Lane, Chearing-Cross; The Temple-Exchange Coffee-House; Child's Coffee-House in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and Robin's Coffee-House in Exchange-Alley.

VOL. I. Numb. 18.

The MONITOR.

Intended for the Promoting of RELIGION and VIRTUE, and Suppreſſing of Vice and Immorality.

In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

Perform'd by Mr. TATE, Poet Laureat to Her MAJESTY, Mr. SMITH, and Others.

From Friday, April 10. to Monday, April 13. 1713.

The PROSPECT.

FRom a tall Precipice on the Sea-ſide,
A Rev'rend Hermit view'd the ſpreading Tide,
The Flood, tho' curl'd with a becoming Wave,
The Signal of a riſing Tempeſt gave;
A goodly Ship was coaſting by the Place
(Like a Proud Courſer *Foaming* in her Pace)
With flutt'ring Courtſhip, the Laſcivious Gales,
Her Streamers furl'd, and wanton'd in her Sails;
The Waves divide to give the *Pageant* Way,
Then cloſing, with rais'd Heads the Pomp ſurvey.
Whilſt the grave Man this Spectacle intends,
Pleas'd with the Scene, a ſudden Storm deſcends;
That, in an Inſtant, riffles all the Boat,
Whoſe ſcatter'd Streamers, on the Billows float,
Reflects with Sighs on this diſaſt'rous Sight;
Then (to his Cell Return'd) the *Anchorite*,
Of Earthly Greatneſs, weighs th' uncertain State
Which in its faireſt *Bloom*, and Proudeſt Height,
Stands moſt expos'd to Storms of *Sudden Fate.*

AVARICE.

On a MISER that hoarded his WEALTH in a Steel Cheſt.

CAnſt thou in Dungeons ſmother up thy Pelf
That's dearer to thee than thy ſelf?
Th' ill-treated Priſoner is debarr'd the Sight
Of its own chearful *Parent* LIGHT.
In vain from other's Reach thou doſt confine
What is no leſs reſerved from *thine.*
Dull Miſer know no Part of all thy Gains
Falls to *thy Share*, beſides the *Pains.*
Think not thou follow'ſt Nature to inter
Thy Gold, cauſe 'twas inter'd by Her;
The Cell that Nature gave it was a *Womb*
To breed the Ore, but thine its *Tomb.*

EPIGRAM.

A *Prodigal's* an Aſs;
The Miſer a worſe Sot,
Who wants as much the Things he has,
As thoſe which he has not.

And

The VOYAGERS.

WHILST ſtemming Life's uncertain Tide,
Toſt on the Waves of *Doubts* and *Fears*,
If to frail *Reaſon*'s Conduct we confide:
O we ſhall ſtrive in vain,
The happy Port to gain;
For, oft as Clouded Reaſon diſappears,
We cannot fail to Rove afarr,
Miſtaking each falſe *Meteor* for a *Star*:
How diſmal are the Dangers we engage,
When ruffled to a Hurricane;
Our Boiſt'rous Paſſions rouze the ſleeping Main,
Too rough for Reaſon to compoſe again?
Yet, ah! how *Few* have periſht by the Rage;
Of *Storms*, if number'd, with the Dayly *Throng*,
Whom *Syren-Pleaſures* as they Sail along,
——Seduce to the Dead Shore,
Where They Themſelves ſaw Others Wrack'd before.

The CHOICE.

GRANT me indulgent Heav'n a Rural Seat,
Rather Contemptible than Great;
Where, tho' I taſt Life's Sweets, I ſtill may be
A Thirſt for Immortality;
I would have *Buſineſs*, but devoid of *Striſe*,
A Private, but an Active Life;
Some Books I'd have, and ſome Acquaintance too,
But very *Good*, and very *Few*:
Then, if one Mortal Two ſuch Grants may crave,
From ſilent Life, I'd *Steal* into my *Grave*.

As there is no Vice, Folly, or Impertinence, that the Claſſic Poets have ſo ſeverely laſh'd as the foremention'd AVARICE, ſo there is no Subject more their Darling, than the Art of Living to Satisfaction, which they have always plac'd in Moderate Fortune and a Country clean Cottage, and which None have more Cordially Celebrated than our excellent *Cowley*. How Pathetic is that of *Virgil*,

——*O Quis Me gelidis in Monibus Homi,*
Si ſtat & ingenti Ramorum protegat Umbra:

And *Horace*,

O Rus quando Ego Te aſpiciam? quandoq; licebat,
Nunc Veterum Libris nunc ſomno et inertibus Horis
Ducre ſolicite jucunda oblivia Vitæ.

And ſo *Martial*, after the moſt Delicate Deſcription of a Country-ſeat by the Sea-ſide, that ever (perhaps) was Penn'd (the *Deliciæ Catullianæ* not excepted) Gardens, Fiſh-Pools, and other Conveniencies, from all which, Buſineſs detain'd the happy Owner, ſo that his Ruſtick Servants had a better Time of it, in Enjoyment of thoſe Rarities, which the Impertinently buſy Maſter had very ſeldom the Freedom to partake of.

Frui ſed iſtis quand Roma permittis?
Quot Formicanes imputat Dies Annus
Negocieſis Rebus Urbis hæreati?
O Viniteres Villicique Felices!
Dominis purantur iſta; ſerviunt Vobis.

In laſt Paper. Page 1. l. 2, l. 3. for *Poyſons*, r. *Poyſon'd*.

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From Monday, April 13. to Saturday, April 18. 1713.

AVERY extraordinary Accident prevented our Paper's coming out Yeſterday, on which we hope our Subſcribers will excuſe our deferring it till this Day; we think fit further to Advertiſe, that upon Obſervation that the Town in General, and alſo they who particularly approve of our Divine Poems, ſeem deſirous of having other Entertaining Subjects mixt with them; accordingly ſome Gentlemen of the Brighteſt Parts are ſetting upon ſuch a Work, under the Title of *The* ORACLE. Our *Monitors* therefore will be Publiſh'd no longer than *Friday* next, and we are pleas'd to have given Occaſion to ſuch Gentlemen to proceed in ſo Beneficial and Acceptable an Undertaking.

They Deſign to make Uſe of thoſe Servants who carry this Paper.

A PARAPHRASE on the 148th PSALM.

YE bright Angelic *Forms* who ſtand
About the HOLY ONE,
And Legions Numberleſs command,
Dependant on his *Throne.*
Ye *Principalities* and *Pow'rs*,
Virtues and *Potentates*,
Who Gariſon Heav'ns Azure Tow'rs,
Or Guard her Golden Gates.
Seraphs and *Cherubs*, whoſe ſwift Flight
No Lazy Minutes Count,
But dart ſwift as the Rays of Light
On Errands from his *Mount*;
Joyn all ye *Hoſts* of Heav'n to Sing
High Plauditſt and Loud Praiſe,
To Great JEHOVAH, GOD and KING,
The FIRST and LAST of Days.
Let *Earth*'s large Vaulted *Roof* repeat
In Eccho's back the ſound,
And let the *Song* in Numbers ſweet
Eternally go round.
Ye *Luminaries* which adorn
The Shining Firmament,
Bright *Heſper* Uſher of the Morn
Before her Bluſhings ſent.
And Thou the follow'ng Orient Light,
Earth's Soul and Heav'ns clear Eye,
The full-orb'd *Sun*, refulgent bright
And Glory of the Skie:
His Radient *Siſter*, Night's fair Queen,
And Regent of the Seas,
Ye Glitt'ring Stars ('thout Number) ſeen
Duely attending Theſe;
Sing your CREATOR's Praiſe whoſe Pow'rs
Rais'd you from *Chaos*-Beds,
And how to Meaſure Days and Hours,
Inform'd your Glorious Heads.
Let *Earth* in this *Grand Chorus* Joyn
With all her Progeny,
Since all her comely *Orders* ſhine
By his *Mature Decree.*
Ye *Exhalations* which in Steams
From Fens and Lakes ariſe,
Drawn by the Sun's Magnetic Beams,
And fill with Clouds the Skies:
Whether you take the Candy'd Forms
Of Hail or Fleecy Snow,
Or do return in Show'rs and Storms
T' your Origine below:

In

In all your Motions Praiſe his Name;
Ye Whiſtling *Winds* aloud
His Glorious Attributes proclaim
On ev'ry racking Cloud.
Ye *Mountains* with his Plaudits ring,
And all the *Hills* around,
Ye *Valleys* who in Ecchoes ſing,
Reverberate the ſound.
Ye *Cedars* tall your Lofty Tops
In Sign of Worſhip bow;
Ye tender *Shrubs* on ſlender Props
Your Humble Parts allow.
Ye *Streams* who'n in Tuneful Murmers flow,
Joyn'd with your Inmate Throng,
Which with bright Fins do ſwiftly row
Your Glitt'ring Forms along;
Ye winged *Choriſters* of th' Air,
In moſt Harmonious Notes,
Your Songs of Thanks and Praiſe prepare,
Tun'd by your warbling Throats.
All ye who ſtately *Tread* the Earth,
Or *Bound* with lofty Strides,
Ye *Inſects* of an Humbler Birth,
And All who'ave Breath beſides;
Your ſev'ral Parts in Conſort met,
In Symphony accord,
And let th' Harmonious Notes be ſet
To th' Praiſes of the Lord.
Crown'd Heads, Imperial *Potentates*,
(Heav'ns Subſtitutes below)
With all the Royal Deligates
Which from your Fountains flow;
You largely have Receiv'd, the more
Your Duty it Imports;
With Zeal and Fervour to Adore
His Name in all your Courts.
Both *Old* and *Young* and *Great* and *Small*,
Unite your Tuneful Lays,
His ſacred Honours to Extol,
With loud Immortal Praiſe.
For GOD on his high Throne of Light,
Above all *Pow'rs* ſits Crown'd,
While Forms Celeſtial, Dazling Bright
His Throne incompaſs round:
But unacceſſable his *Face*,
There Angels veil their Eies,
Nor can *Infinity* of Space,
His *Glories* all Compriſe.

In laſt Paper, col. 1. l. 7. for *fluttering*, r. *flutt'ring*.

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From Saturday, April 18. to Monday, April 20. 1713.

UPon Obſervation that the Town in General, and alſo they who particularly approve of our Divine Poems, ſeem deſirous of having other Entertaining Subjects mixt with them; accordingly ſome Gentlemen of the Brighteſt Parts are ſetting upon ſuch a Work, under the Title of *The* ORACLE. Our *Monitors* therefore will be Publiſh'd no longer than *Friday* next, and we are pleas'd to have given Occaſion to ſuch Gentlemen to proceed in ſo Beneficial and Acceptable an Undertaking. We deſire that the ſmall Sum which ſhall be due from any of our Subſcribers on *Friday* next, may be left with their Servants in caſe of their Abſence, becauſe of the charge of ſending our Servants again for ſuch little Matters. By the Account we have of the ſucceeding Paper, it is likely to prove more Entertaining than any thing ever Publiſh'd before.

They Deſign to make Uſe of thoſe Servants who carry this Paper.

The DAY of JUDGMENT.

THESE ſtartling *Omens* ſhall themſelves Diſplay,
To Uſher in the *Great* and *Dreadful Day*;
The *Sun*'s ſick Head in ſable Clouds be bound,
Sick ev'n to Diſſolution, while around
A ſullen Gloom Diſcolours all the Skies,
Preparing for his Mournful Obſequies;
The *Moon* be turn'd to Blood, not one bright Beam
Shall Iſſue from Her but a horrid Gleam;
The *Stars* expiring, in their Agony
Daſh againſt one another in the Skie;
Burſting their Orbs aſunder, from their Wombs,
Shall guſh forth Flames to light 'em to their Tombs:
Huge *Bearded Comets* of a dire Portent,
Inſtead of Stars, ſupply the Firmament:
Peſtif'rous *Planets*, whence all Plagues are bred,
At once ſhall all their fatal Venom ſhed,
While Storms around their baleful Poyſons bare,
Thereby Infecting all the Fluid Air:
Tremenduous Bolts of Formidable Thunder,
Shall tear the Arched Roof of Heav'n aſunder;
Then to the Center ſplit the Earth below,
While this whole Machine Totters to and fro.
The *Winds* at once their Fury all let Fly,
Until they toſs the Ocean to the Skie;
The *Rocks* torn up ſhall through the Air be thrown,
And *Nature* under ſtrong Convulſions Groan.
At which Affrighted *Ghoſts* from Graves ſhall riſe,
To be ſeen only by their Glaring Eies,
Till by the Terror of theſe Omens ſhook,
And ſtartled at each others Gaſtly look,
Back to their Graves they Scud, but diſpoſſeſt
Of Hopes, by theſe Alarms, of longer Reſt:
For now behold a *Light* breaks from the *Eaſt*,
And Grad'ally its Wings ſpreads to the *Weſt*;
A num'rous Hoſt of *Angels* then appear,
In ſolemn Flight deſcending down the Air;
A *Throne* next (with ſurpriſing Luſters bright)
Gilds all th' expanded Firmament with Light:

Gilds

Upon the *Throne* the *Great* MESSIAH's Plac'd
With all *Paternal* Rays of Glory Grac'd,
In's Equipage Miriads of *Angels* ſhine,
And *Saints* 'thout Number the Proceſſion joyn;
Which (the Illuſtrious Pomp to conſummate)
Adorn in ſhining Circles the Imperial State.
Th' *Archangel* then ſhall rear his Trump on high,
And ſound a loud Alarm ſhall eccho through the Skie,
Diſperſed *Atoms* at the Pow'rfull Blaſt
From Water, Fire from Earth and Air ſhall haſt,
To joyn in *Priſtine Forms*, but firſt ſhall Riſe
The *Saints*, yet free from Terror or Surprize,
For thus the ſmiling *Judge* their *Happy Doom*
Serenely ſhall Pronounce, *Ye Bleſſed come,*
The Kingdom long prepar'd for you, Inherit
Obtain'd by your Obedience through our MERIT.
The *Angel* now the ſecond Blaſt ſhall ſound,
And throw the Noiſe to all the World around,
While the ſtern *Judge* with Terrors ſhades his Face,
And *Anger* takes of vanquiſh'd *Smiles* the Place;
Loud Craſhes from beneath his Throne of Thunder,
Burſt out, as if they'd tear the Globe aſunder:
Expanded Sheets of Lightning ſwiftly fly,
And with thick Flaſhes fill the Blazing Skie:
While from their dark Aboads the *Wicked* come,
(Forc'd by the Fiends) to hear their *dreadful Doom*,
To hide 'em from the *Judge's Wrath*, amain
They to the *Mountains* Cry, but Cry in vain;
The *Mountains* with Amazement flee away,
No leſs affrightned at his *Wrath* than They.
No ſooner will *He* ope the *Fatal Book*,
And caſt on *That* and *Them* an aweful Look.
(The Book in which the Catalogoe and Charge
Of all their *Crimſon Guilt* is writ at large)
But *Conſcience* (tho' long ſtiffled in their Breaſt)
Each Accuſation will alloud Atteſt.
Then will the *Judge* pronounce in flaming Ire,
Go ye Curſt into Everlaſting Fire,
Prepared for the Devil and thoſe Fell
With him, within the Blazing Womb of Hell.

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From Monday, April 20. to Friday, April 24. 1713.

UPon Obſervation that the Town in General, as alſo they who are particularyl pleas'd with our *Sacred Poems*, are deſirous that other Entertaining Subjects may be mixt with 'em; ſome Gentlemen of the Brighteſt Parts are ſetting upon ſuch a Work, under the Title of the ORACLE: In which not only great Variety of Subjects will be handled in *Proſe* and *Verſe*, but alſo all *Queſtions* will be anſwer'd whether *Serious*, *Comical* or *Humerous*. which Paper is intended to be more *Entertaining* than any thing before Publiſh'd: This therefore is deſign'd to be our laſt *Monitor*, and we are pleas'd at the giveing Occaſion for a *Deſign* ſo *Beneficial* and *Diverting*.

They Deſign to make Uſe of thoſe Servants who carry this Paper.

On our SAVIOUR's PASSION. An ODE.

I.

URANIA tho' thou'rt us'd to Sing
High *Anthems* to th' Eternal KING,
And teach the Liſtning World below
What Thanks and Praiſe they owe
To thoſe Immortal *Pow'rs*, which all their Benefits beſtow,
Grac'd with the Privilege to Rove
Through all thoſe Fields of Light above,
And Aromatic Bow'rs,
On Banks enamel'd with a Gaudy Pride,
And each Receſs of Fragrancy beſide,
To gather thence Ambroſial Flow'rs
Thy *Garlands* to compleat,
Oh! here's a *Theam* too Big for all thy Art,
Too Big for Thee to bear the ſmalleſt Part,
Which ne'er by *Angel's Skill* was Fathom'd yet.

II.

Thou ſacred SPIRIT, thou alone,
Who know'ſt th' *Arcana* of Heav'n's ſhining Throne,
And with expanded Wing
Sat Brooding on the *Univerſe*,
Reducing *Chaos* into *Form*,
And into *Amity* its Hetrogenial *Storm*;
Who taught the *Morning Stars* to ſing,
And *Ancient Prophets* to rehearſe
Thy Sacred *Sanctions*, and with Theams
Supply'd the *Younger Prophet's* Dreams,
Who did in *Cloven Tongues* appear
T' Inſtruct thy *Miſſionaries* here,
Oh touch Mine with a *Coal* is brought
From thine own *Altar*, and *Sublime* my *Thought*.

III.

But what tall *Images* of Verſe?
What *Ideoms* of Language can reherſe
This boundleſs *Subject* which ont flies
Imagination's Force,
Nor has *Conception* ſuch a Source,
From whence *Ideas* of it can ariſe;
LOVE-vaſt, Incomprehenſable Above
All that was ever called *Love*.

IV.

A GOD ſurrounded with Enormous Joys,
Extatic Bliſs, ineffable Delight
Of Glory unacceſſable, ſo bright

Of

That *Angels* veil their Faces at his Sight,
Whilst their Attendant Duty He Employs;
This *Great*, this *Self-Existing Deity*,
Left that Eternal *Jubile*,
Left all those *Seraphims*, that shining *Host*
Upon the *Beatific Coast*,
That Glory *Bliss*, *Delight*, all to *Restore*
Mankind to what He *Forfeited* before.

V.

When *Man* Rebell'd, *Justice* or *He* must *Dye*,
Or *Equal Sacrifice* the Room Supply,
This was a *Load*
Fit only for the *Shoulders* of a GOD,
And this the SAVIOUR of Mankind
(To the Excess of *Love* Inclin'd)
Resolv'd to *bear* that *Man* might be Retriev'd,
Th'*Offended Suff'ring* whilst th'*Offender* was *Repriev'd*.

VI.

From those *Bright* Regions of *Eternal* Day
Where *Incence* all the Boundless Space Perfum'd
Whose Odours ne'r can know Decay,
Nor *Treasures* be Consum'd
Down to the *Gloomy* Earth He came,
Tainted with *Crimes* too loathsome for a Name,
Then stoop'd to *Humble* Birth,
His *Godhead* cloath'd with sordid Earth,
And in a *Manger* Lai'd
The *Stable Guests* His *Equipage* of State,
On whom the *Hosts* of Heaven were proud to Wait
In their Illustrious Robes of *Majesty* array'd

VII.

His *Infancy* by Murderers assail'd,
Yet tho' their *Projects* fail'd,
Still as to Riper Years He grew,
Hell all its *Strategems* did still renew,
Tempt Threaten and *Allure*,
But being 'gainst those *Arts* secure,
Treach'ry and *Violence* are us'd,
His *Spotless Innocence* abus'd,
And of Crimes never stain'd His Thoughts accus'd
Traitor, the Miscreant Wretches call,
That *Pow'r* which had Just *Soveraignty* o'er all,
Him and his Sacred *Truths* Deride,
Altho to Save 'em all apply'd,
And His Omnipotence the Impotent Defy'd.

VIII

Those *Arms* with *Cruel Cords* they bind;
Before extended to Imbrace Mankind;
Next Sentence Him to Dye,
Who came to give 'em *Immortality*;
With *Thorns* they Crown His *Head*, extorting *Blood*
Then *Meditating* their *Eternal* Good;
Peirce Barb'rously those *Hands*,
Employ'd to *Loose* their *Bands*,
Scoft at His *Agony*
altho Endur'd
That they might be
From Everlasting *Agonies* secur'd.

IX

He *Dies*, the *God* of *Nature* Dies.
And the Tremendous Blow
Shakes the Expanded Firmament above,
And the Foundations of the Earth below:
Behind the Sable Curtains of the Skies
The *Sun* withdraws his Sick'ning Eye,
Unable to behold His Great *Creator* Dye;
The *Spheers* in tuneful Measurs cease to Move,
The *Stars* expung'd the Firmament,
The *Rocks* are torn, the *Temple's Vail* is rent
The Startl'd *Dead* from Silent Graves arise;
A Gen'ral *Horror* Reigns Alone,
And *Vniuersal Nature* gives a *Groan*.

FINIS.